ORIGINAL HYMNS:

ADAPTED FOR

SOCIAL PRAYER-MEETINGS,

MISSIONARY SERVICES, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,

AND

Christians in General.

BY JOHN MANN.

Thou my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition! pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!

He tunes my voice, if tun'd,
The nerve that writes, sustains. *Young.*

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PREFACE.

THE following Hymns are submitted to the religious public under painful apprehensions respecting their success. Conscious of their inferiority to most of those excellent poetical compositions in use, the author has not the vanity to expect their general adoption in the ordinary services of devotion, yet he entertains a hope they may occasionally be used in missionary services, prayer-meetings, and in sunday-schools. Like many of his predecessors, he pleads for prescription the solicitations of friends, who having heard some of them sung at an evening prayer-meeting, have asked for copies, and particularly requested their publication. He is aware that the partiality of friendship may blind an author, but cannot mislead the critic. After the recent labours of Heber and Montgomery in this department of sacred poesy, these hymns will suffer much by comparison. Had it been the author's happiness to have been personally acquainted with the latter gentleman, it would have afforded him great pleasure to avail himself of his judicious and friendly emendations. He finds it no difficulty to *make* verses, but not so easy a task to compose *good* ones. The discrepancy which is visible in the whole of them is accounted for by their being written at distant periods of time, and some under peculiar circumstances. Those composed when he was much younger in years, seem to require the chastening of the experience of age, while those of later date want the ardour

of youth. Some were composed while the author was painfully afflicted in body; and others while he laboured under severe dispensations of providence. On account of the doctrine of General Redemption in some of the hymns, the author anticipates a cool reception from many whom he highly esteems. On the whole, he trusts there will be nothing found hostile to the fundamental truths of the Gospel. He would ever enter his protest against those doctrines and that preaching which are opposed to the preceptive parts of christianity. He wishes to keep faith and works together—"What God has joined, let no man put asunder."

It may be thought that the metres of some are too fanciful, and not adapted for singing. It was his intention to vary their construction, that what could not be sung, might be committed to memory, and recited by young people. Among the *Miscellaneous*, several are inserted which ought to have been placed under the class to which they belonged, but which had been misplaced, or could not be found at the time; some of them, however, were written after the class was printed. The volume has been swelled beyond the original intention; and it would have been to the author's credit had some pieces been left out. He trusts his friends will forgive the delay of the publication, occasioned by his daily occupations. With all its faults (and they are not a few) he commits it to the blessing of Him, without whose smile the proudest efforts of human ingenuity will be unavailing, and with it the humblest will succeed.

J. M.

36, *Commercial Road*,
June 6, 1828.

THE DEDICATION.

To thee, my loving Saviour,
I consecrate my lays;
Unworthy of the favor,
Yet, O! vouchsafe thy grace.
O! grant me but thy sanction
To animate my muse;
The Spirit's holy unction
In every line infuse.
I court not human praises,
While thus my gift I try;
For pride too often raises
Our expectations high;
My object is instruction
To each of human kind;
The BAD *receive correction,*
The GOOD *may comfort find,*
AMBITION *be abased,*
PRESUMPTION *check'd within,*
AFFLICTED *be solaced,*
The TEMPTED *sav'd from sin,*
To keep alive devotion,
Affections to raise higher,
To put our love in motion,
And fan devotion's fire:
In vain, without thy blessing,
Will all my labour be,
For nought is worth possessing,
Unless approv'd by thee.

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HYMNS, &c.

1.

A Song of Praise to God from inanimate Creation.

FIRST PART.

GREAT GOD! thy aid impart,
Assist my feeble heart,
Thy name to praise;
And while I touch the lyre,
Descend, celestial Fire,
With fervent zeal inspire
My languid lays!

All praise to thee belongs;
Let nature burst in songs
Of lofty joy;
While rivers, floods, and seas,
Mountains, and rocks, and trees,
And every gentle breeze,
With notes reply.

Thou flaming Source of day,
While marching on thy way,
His praise repeat;
From east to west proclaim
The glories of His name,
Who feeds thy orb of flame
With constant heat.

Ye stars, when you arise
To deck the azure skies,
Shine with his praise;
Thou silver queen of night,
While in thy monthly flight,
Display thy milder light
In mystic lays.

SECOND PART.

Ye thunders, as you roll,
Sound loud from pole to pole
His wondrous ways!
Ye lightnings, dart along,
And with your forked tongue,
The fiery theme prolong
Of awful praise!

Earthquakes, that rend the ground,
And spread dismay around,
His praise display;
He holds you in his hand,
And at his dread command,
To shock a sinful land,
His will obey!

From rain, hail, frost, and snow,
And stormy winds that blow,
Let praise arise;
Autumn and flowery Spring,
Summer and Winter bring,
Your tribute to the *King*
Of earth and skies.

Let heav'n and earth rejoice,
And utter forth their voice,
With one accord;
Come! all creation join,
With harmony divine,
Assist this soul of mine
To praise the *Lord*!

And while all nature sings
To the great *King* of kings,
With rapturous joy,
The remnant of my days
Shall celebrate his praise,
Till I shall join the lays
Above the sky!

2.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

NATURE's amazing works proclaim
There is a God from whence they came,
A *Great First Cause*, whose power's display'd
By all the worlds his hands have made.

Being of beings! endless Source!
Who, with an independent force,
Propels the planets in their rounds,
And keeps them in prescribed bounds.

His all-pervading Providence,
Though it escapes the range of sense,
Is universal over all,
And even sees a sparrow fall!

No nation, howsoever rude,
Can from their minds a God exclude;
Though still, unaided by his Word,
Their worship may be most absurd.

But chiefly on the human frame
He has imprest his awful Name;
And man, creation's sovereign stands
The noblest product of his hands.

Then let the Atheist fear and dread
The Being that can strike him dead;
And own, while he surveys the skies,
"*There is a God!*—all nature cries."

There is a God, the christian *knows*,
Whose arm defends him from his foes;
Whose love supplies his daily wants,
And freely ev'ry favour grants.

Then let us to his throne repair,
With all the fervency of prayer;
Till faith and hope shall ever cease,
And we behold him face to face.

3.

THE POWER OF GOD.

Written after a dreadful Thunder-storm.

ALMIGHTY Lord! shall mortal man
Thy sovereign will arraign;
And measure by his little span
Thine infinite domain?

Perish the thought! What beings dare
With him to stand the test,
When light'ning darts across the air,
And thunder shakes the breast?

See! how the fervid flashes fly,
And with bright grandeur blaze;
While the artillery of the sky
With fatal fury plays!

The bursting clouds discharge their store,
The solemn scene to crown;
While hail and rain united pour
A dreadful deluge down.

See! with redoubled vengeance arm'd,
The angry heav'ns appear;
While expectation starts alarm'd,
And hope gives place to fear!

Swift through my window darts the light,
The thunder shakes my bed;
And, but for mercy's hand, it might
Have struck me quickly dead!

To God my grateful praise shall rise,
In this important hour;
Who stills the tempest in the skies,
And saves me from its power.

4.

THE SAME.

Infinite Pow'r! Omnipotence!
Above our reason, or our sense;
If strangers to ourselves—then who
Can perfectly th' Almighty know?

Beyond the highest angel's sight,
He dwells in unapproached light;
Unnumber'd worlds his hand sustains,
And holds th' infernal powers in chains.

Creation rose at his command,
He made the heavens, the sea, and land;
And could, with one tremendous blow,
The mighty universe o'erthrow.

Earthquakes and storms obey his will;
He speaks—the winds and waves are still!
All nature trembles at his nod,
And owns the mighty power of God.

Oh! may I daily stand in dread
Of Him, who now could strike me dead!
And, taught betimes the Lord to fear,
May I escape his wrath severe.

5.

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

O THOU that dwell'st in glory bright!
What empty trifles all things are!
Compar'd with thy refulgent light,
The sun is but a twinkling star!

The dazzling splendours of thy throne,
O'erwhelm archangels' distant gaze;
While at thy feet they bow them down,
And cover with their wings their face.

Then how can mortals come before
Heaven's pure, august, eternal Lord!
Our great unfitness we deplore,
And in his presence stand abhorr'd.

What condescension all divine
Jesus the Saviour has display'd!
In whom these glories milder shine,
Who was in human flesh array'd.

"Cloth'd in a body like our own,"
Where *Majesty* and *Mercy* meet;
Now we may venture near thy throne,
And come with boldness to thy feet.

To thy eternal Majesty
Our faith would lay a humble claim;
Assur'd no dangers shall come nigh
Those who take shelter in thy Name.

O! then assist our feeble tongues,
While we with holy angels join,
And try to emulate their songs
In grateful praises and divine.

6.

WISDOM OF GOD.

I SING the Infinite unknown,
Whose wisdom all things made;
Who form'd the stars, the sun, and moon,
And earth on which we tread.

Who out of nothing, and from night,
Produc'd this wondrous frame;
Who spoke the word, and forthwith light
Into existence came.

Late an unconscious mass I lay;
He organiz'd the whole;
He form'd my curious frame of clay,
His Spirit breath'd my soul.

But chiefly in his written word
His glories brighter shine;
In ev'ry page we see the Lord
Of wisdom, all divine!

Then who can be compar'd to him,
In wisdom and in power!
His praise shall be my joyful theme,
Both now and evermore.

7.

POWER AND LOVE OF GOD.

OH! thou Creator, Lord of all,
With uncreated glory crown'd;
Before thy feet bright Seraphs fall,
O'ercome with sacred awe profound.

Ineffable! stupendous Power!
We are as nothing in thy sight;
For how can beings of an hour,
Compare with thee, the Infinite!

Before the sun had made our days,
Or moon and stars began to shine,
Heaven was thy glorious dwelling-place;
For all eternity is thine.

How great thy might, O Power supreme!
Yet greater far thy boundless Love!
Of men below this is the theme,
This tunes th' angelic harps above.

'Twas love divine to sinful worms,
That gave the Partner of thy throne,
The fairest of all fairest forms,
Thine only well-beloved Son!

Had we ten thousand tongues to praise—
Had we ten thousand lives to pay—
For such amazing matchless grace,
We'd give them all—ourselves away.

8.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

1 John iv. 10.

All things below and all above
Proclaim the truth—that God is Love!
Love is his essence, end, and aim;
Prompted by this the Saviour came.

The moon by night, the sun by day,
And starry heavens his power display;
But in his Word alone we find
A God compassionate and kind.

What are those stars, and what yon sun,
Compar'd with what Jehovah's done?
Who sent his Son from heaven above
To save a world—what wondrous Love!

For a lost world of sin and woe,
The Saviour suffer'd death below;
That He by virtue of his blood
Might reconcile us unto God.

By faith the blessing we receive;
"By faith the justified shall live;"
Shall ever live in heaven above,
Where faith and hope are lost in Love.

9.

THE DIVINE PROTECTION.

Psalm xxiii. 1.

THE Lord is my Shepherd become,
I will in his guidance confide;
For doubting there cannot be room,
Because for my wants he'll provide.

Can I trust in a temporal friend,
Whose life is as frail as my own;
And not on JEHOVAH depend,
Whose promise stands firm as his throne?

And will this Omnipotent God
Engage to supply all my need?
And, will he take care of a clod,
To strengthen, to clothe, and to feed?

Yes—hear him declare in his word,
"Behold all the fowls of the air,
"They sow not, nor reap, saith the Lord,
"Yet for sparrows and ravens I care.

"Are ye not much better than they?
"Immortal, and born from above;
"Though dwelling in houses of clay,
"Your souls have a share in my love."

If Jesus incarnate became,
And cloth'd him in human attire,
To suffer reproach, pain, and shame,
And then on the cross to expire:

To ransom our souls from the grave,
That we in our sins might not die;
He freely his life for us gave,
What favor then can be deny?

"I'll praise him for all that is past,"
And trust him for future supplies;
I know he'll not leave me at last,
But raise me to him in the skies.

10.

FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

1 Cor. x. 13.

TEMPTED souls, with courage arm you,
Wherefore are you thus cast down?
Let not troubles so alarm you;
God will ne'er forsake his own.

He has said, who can't deceive you,
"I will be your sun and shield;
"I will ne'er forsake nor leave you:
"Ever to my guidance yield.

"No temptation shall o'ertake you,
"But what's common unto all;"
From your hope no power shall shake you,
You shall stand, and never fall.

God is faithful! O believe him!
He's not man that he should lie:
There is none that can deceive him;
He can ne'er himself deny.

He'll not let you e'er be tempted
More than you'll have strength to bear;
Still you will not be exempted,
But of grief you'll have your share.

Though your way is dark and dreary,
And dire foes infest the road;
And your fainting heart grows weary,
Put your confidence in God.

He'll disperse the gloom and sadness,
Shed a light upon your path;
Fill your soul with joy and gladness,
Raise your hope, confirm your faith.

11.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

"*How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God.*"
Psalm xxxvi. 7.

O God! how excellent to me
Thy loving kindness is!
A boundless, inexhaustless sea
Of overflowing bliss.

My life, and all the powers I have
Have been preserv'd by thee;
Thy healing hand was stretch'd to save
My soul from misery.

When threat'ning danger round me stood,
In terrible array;
And grief, o'erwhelming, like a flood,
Swept all my hopes away.

How excellent thy love appear'd,
In the distressing hour!
Thy promises my spirits cheer'd,
I felt thy quick'ning power.

Then let my fleeting hours declare
My humble gratitude;
And trust thy providential care
For ev'ry future good.

12.

THE SAME.

If parents for their children feel,
Their tender pity move,
How infinite the love of Him,
Whose very nature's love!

'Twas this induc'd him to create,
This universal frame;
'Twas this the remedy devis'd,
Lost sinners to redeem.

Creation is the fruit of love,
In rich variety;
Whether of fowls that fly the air,
Or fish that cleave the sea.

But oh! what boundless love was that,
In which the angels pry;
Which prompted God's beloved Son
For wretched man to die!

'Tis this employs our tongues below,
And tunes the harps of heaven;
"To Him, that died, and lov'd us so,
"Be endless praises given."

13.

THE IMMUTABILITY OF GOD.

Mid changing scenes of grief and sin,
A world of woe, and discord's din,
Where shall a pilgrim rest?
With bosom fill'd with anxious cares,
His way perplex'd with specious snares,
He still remains unblest.

In vain we hope for joy unmix'd,
Where disappointment has affix'd
The ensign of despair!
On ev'ry object here we see
Is written—"Bliss is not in me!
"Go, seek for it elsewhere."

Then, O! my soul, depend on Him,
The great Immutable Supreme,
Unchangeable I AM!
The stars may fall—the heav'ns decay—
The universe may pass away,
But God remains the same!

14.

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.

My heart lies deep within,
Conceal'd from human sight;
But God beholds each secret sin,
Which he will bring to light.

How then shall I appear,
In that tremendous day,
If my incensed Judge, severe,
Should frown my soul away?

Where I must ever dwell
In regions of despair!
And wail and gnash my teeth in hell,
Where fiends and satan are!

Preserve me, righteous God!
From base hypocrisy;
And set my footsteps in the road
That leads to joys on high.

15.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

Before the hills were made,
And stars their courses run;
Or ere the earth's foundations laid,
Jehovah dwelt alone.

With his own glory blest,
Ere time began to be,
He wisdom, pow'r, and love possess'd
From all eternity.

A thousand ages past
Are nothing in his sight!
And millions more can never waste
That which is infinite.

The sun shall cease to shine,
Stars from their orbits fall;
His boundless years will ne'er decline,
He'll still be All in all.

And will this awful God,
Who fills immensity,
Receive a worm to his abode,
His blest eternity!

16.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Romans ix. 5.

CAN finite or angelic mind
Th' Almighty to perfection find?
Declare his name by all confest,
"God, over all, for ever blest!"

He soars beyond heaven's utmost bound!
He lower sinks than hell's profound!
All worlds obey his high behest,
"God, over all, for ever blest!"

His glorious name supremely towers,
O'er all dominions, thrones and powers;
His fame bright seraphim attest,
"God, over all, for ever blest!"

Before his feet archangels bend,
In silent awe their harps suspend;
Till praises burst from ev'ry breast,
"God, over all, for ever blest!"

To him the prophets oft referr'd,
And we his gracious voice have heard;
In human form himself he drest,
"God, over all, for ever blest!"

What grace and condescension sweet
In our ador'd Redeemer meet!
Who came to give his people rest;
"God, over all, for ever blest!"

Then when we reach those blissful plains,
Where he his royal state maintains,
Our song shall vie with all the rest,
"God, over all, for ever blest!"

17.

ON EARLY PIETY.

My son, give me thine heart.—Prov. xxiii. 26.

Behold! the Saviour spreads his hands,
And *now* my youthful heart demands;
And can I such a gift deny
To Him, who came for me to die?

Not half the pleasure is possess'd
In friendship with an earthly guest,
As what the union will impart,
When he's dominion of my heart.

The joys of sense by most pursu'd,
Do oft our eager grasp illude;
But those which from religion spring
Will more substantial pleasures bring.

Though sin appear in gaudy form,
It hides within a pois'nous worm!
And, though awhile it may allure,
If not subdu'd, the ruin's sure.

Then may I guard my soul with care,
And hasten from the tempter's snare;
Wisdom's delightful ways prefer;
What bliss can be compar'd with her?

What, though the path to glory's strait,
And difficult to reach the gate,
My Captain will become my guide,
And land me safe on Canaan's side.

Then let the Saviour's heav'nly charms
Invite me to his open arms:
To Him with joy my heart I'll give,
That I with him may ever live.

18.

PLEASURE OF EARLY PIETY.

WHAT sight so delightful to view,
As children beginning betimes,
To love what is faithful and true,
And hating all manner of crimes?

While *others* the Sabbath-day spend
In idleness, folly, and sin,
With eagerness *these* will attend,
With gladness their task to begin.

Or, when to his temple they haste,
And seriously wait on the Lord,
Than honey more sweet to the taste
They find to their souls, is his Word.

As soon as from thence they retire,
To visit their parents' abode,
While seated in peace round the fire,
They talk about heaven, and God.

But what will become of all those
Who now their salvation neglect?
For they who his *grace now* oppose,
May justly his *vengeance* expect.

19.

THE SAME.

COME, ye children, taste the sweetness,
Which in wisdom's ways you'll prove;
Then you will possess a meetness
For that happy world above.

Shun, O shun! the flatt'ring ruin
Laid to tempt your heedless feet;
Satan seeks your soul's undoing;
Longs to have you in his net.

Stand not in the way of sinners,
In a world so full of snares;
Evils grow in young beginners,
Oft they're taken unawares.

Keep your heart with circumspection,
'Tis deceitful, proud, and vain;
Practice often self-inspection,
If you would true knowledge gain.

Read with care the sacred pages;
Make the Book of God your friend;
Day by day, through all life's stages,
It will guide you to the end.

Jesus to himself will take you,
In his ways if now you're found;
Welcome to his throne he'll make you,
Where immortal joys abound.

20.

THE SAME.

God the Father and the guide of youth.—Jer. iii. 4.

My God! I acknowledge thy fatherly care,
In thy kind affection I've had a large share;
Ere my infantile eyes distinguish'd the light,
By day thou didst feed me, and guard me by night.

While to speech unaccustom'd, my stamm'ring tongue,
And on the fond breast of my mother I hung;

For me thou didst make the sweet fountain to flow,
The life of my frame, and assuager of woe.

And, as I still grew, and increased in strength,
Without thy protection I'd perish'd at length;
I now need thy aid on youth's slippery stage,
As a child at the breast, or decrepit old age.

Still be my preserver of body and soul,
And may thy good Spirit my passions controul;
On thee I would call, in the language of truth,
"Be still my kind Father, and guide of my youth."

If manhood's prime period I ere should survive,
And my life to the season of age should arrive,
How great will the debt of my gratitude be,
Thou God of my life, for thy goodness to me!

And, if by thy favour divine I'm prepar'd,
To take from my Saviour the blood-bought reward,
For ever in glory an anthem I'll raise,
To Him who has lov'd me, of blessing and praise.

21.

THE INFANT'S SONG.

DEAR LORD! accept a thankful song
From an unworthy infant's tongue;
Assist me, while my voice I raise,
That can but only lisp thy praise.

What gratitude is due to thee
For all thy mercies unto me!
Thy bounties ev'ry day renew'd;
I still have clothes—I still have food.

But greater good thou dost afford,
I'm taught to read thy holy Word;
Instructed how to praise and pray,
To love my parents and obey.

Oh! how delightful to be here,
And thus be taught the Lord to fear;
Our feet be set in early days
To walk in wisdom's pleasant ways.

Do thou our benefactors bless,
And may they share thy richer grace
While here below—and then above
For ever taste thy heavenly love.

22.

THE SAME.

Dear christian friends, whose pitying eyes
Our helpless state beheld;
And, mov'd by infant's suppliant cries,
With love your bosoms swell'd.

With fost'ring hand, like parents kind
On wings of mercy flew,
And gently taught our tender mind
To love both God and you.

Our lisping lips his praises sung;
And we were taught to read;
And in our hearts, though still so young,
Was sown the precious seed.

Secure from ev'ry vicious snare,
In this propitious place,
We now, by your indulgent care,
Enjoy the means of grace.

O! how delightful to be here,
These innocents among!
Where smiles on ev'ry face appear,
And pleasure tunes each tongue.

23.

COUNSEL TO THE YOUNG.

Behold the beauteous prospect spread
To your alluring eyes!
Yet still be cautious where you tread,
For hidden danger lies!

You cannot walk secure from harm,
In such a world as this,
Where poisons mix with ev'ry charm,
And deadly serpents hiss!

Where enemies in ev'ry shape
Spread their delusive snares;
The forms of angels some will ape
To take you unawares.

Let wisdom be your constant friend,
Your feet let prudence guide;
And innocence your hearts defend,
And you will safe abide.

Let it be still your daily care
From youthful lusts to fly;
Seek at the throne of grace, by prayer,
Direction from on high.

Then will your heavenly Captain send
Deliverance from above;
And crown your conquests in the end
With everlasting love.

24.

THE IMPORTANCE OF INSTRUCTION.

Now let me haste to school,
To read, and sing, and pray;
That child is wicked, and a fool,
That stays at home to play.

The minds of youth are vain
Who now instruction shun;
And those who only sin retain,
Will soon to ruin run.

Satan delights to see
(If Satan pleasure knows)
Young persons love impiety,
And God's commands oppose.

But wisdom's paths are peace,
And those that love the road
Of virtue, truth, and righteousness,
Shall find the way to God.

His sacred word's the chart
To me in mercy given,
O may it dwell within my heart,
And guide me safe to heaven!

25.

ADVANTAGE OF A PIOUS EDUCATION.

Oh! how happy is that child,
Born of parents fearing God!
Who in early life instill'd
Ev'ry principle of good.

Brought him up to fear the Lord
From the opening dawn of youth;
Taught him soon to read his Word,
And to love the way of truth.

Made life's rugged path-way even,
By their carriage mild and sweet;
Guided in the road to heaven,
By their own example meet.

Oh! how great the debt I owe
For their kind solicitude,
Thus to train me up to know
God, the Author of all good.

But far greater thanks I'd pay
To the Saviour of my soul,
While in this dark world I stay,
And while endless ages roll.

26

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

Welcome, welcome, precious Bible,
Full of rich variety;
Ev'ry book is but a foible,
If but once compar'd with thee.

What's the store of heathen learning,
And their num'rous deities,
Where the mind is still discerning
Errors and impieties?

Though the glimm'ring light of nature
Lends to reason feeble aid,
And to ev'ry human creature
Shews a deity display'd:

Yet the volume of creation,
Can't describe a God complete;
'Tis the page of Revelation
That must guide our wand'ring feet.

Here we learn the source of evil,
Which involv'd in ruin, ALL,
When the vile apostate Devil
Wrought out man's unhappy fall.

Hence we have God's intimation,
To recover sinful man;
And to shew his great salvation,
Here unfolds the gracious plan.

27.

THE SABBATH-DAY DELIGHTFUL.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, sacred day,
Which sheds on our benighted way,
A ray of heavenly light;
That shews our youthful feet the road
That leads to happiness and God,
From everlasting night.

We long to greet the lov'd return
Of joy-inspiring Sabbath morn,
To see our teacher's face;
And join to sing, with sweet accord,
The praises of our dearest Lord,
The anthems of his grace.

In darkness, ignorance, and sin,
Without a guide we still had been
Expos'd to ev'ry snare;
But *now* the precious BOOK divine,
Where all the purest precepts shine,
We're taught to read with care.

O! how shall we our thanks express,
For such a rich display of grace,
We're privileg'd to see;
May our indulgent patrons prove
A glorious recompense above,
To all eternity.

28.

THE AMIABLE YOUTH.

How charming the sight is, to see a sweet youth
Delight in the ways of religion and truth!
Nor swearing, nor falsehood, proceed from his mouth,
But wisdom's his principal aim.
Contented and happy his time glides away;
His parents' injunctions he's pleas'd to obey;
Attends to his learning while other boys play.
Still seeking all good men's esteem.

In jars and contentions he takes no delight;
Will sooner put up with affronts, than he'll fight;
He seldom does wrong, but tries to do right;
Thus keeping the balance quite even.
The Law of the Lord still dwells in his heart;
From sin and temptation he seeks to depart;
The Bible he makes his spiritual chart,
By which he is guided to heaven.

Then who would not copy a pattern like this?
A life that secures so much pleasure and bliss;
Whose bosom's the mansion of quiet and peace,
A stranger to envy and pride:
Respect and due honour he'll ever command,
And fit before nobles and princes to stand;
His days will be happy and long in the land,
And in heaven at last he'll reside.

29.

YOUTH INVITED TO DEVOTE THEMSELVES TO GOD.

CHILDREN come, whose hearts are tender,
Come, and serve the Lord with fear;
Unto him yourselves surrender,
He will make your souls his care.

He delights to see beginning,
Children run the heavenly race;
Turn away their feet from sinning,
Early seek his special grace.

They shall grow like lofty cedars,
Or like willows near a spring;
When they are successful pleaders
With their Advocate and King.

Strength and wisdom thus acquiring
From the Source of ev'ry good;
While to heaven their souls aspiring,
They enjoy substantial food.

Oh! how beautiful the sight is,
Thus to see a youthful throng,
When each heart with true delight is
Fix'd on Jesus all day long.

30.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

AND can I so ungrateful prove,
As not the dear Redeemer love?
Can I in all creation find
One so compassionate and kind?

I was a rebel doom'd to death,
And Jesus yielded up his breath
A willing sacrifice for me;
How then can I ungrateful be?

The sinning angels he past by,
Nor did he come for them to die;
But worthless worms he came to save,
And rescue rebels from the grave.

And did he leave the realms above,
To win my heart—engage my love?
Begone, base world! with all thy charms,
And come, my Saviour, to my arms.

I would each idol now resign,
Thus to exchange my love for thine;
And seek thee early in my youth,
And love thy ways—and love thy truth.

O, then fulfil thy promise, Lord!
And all-sufficient grace afford;
That I may *now* thy favour prove,
And know thee as the God of *love*.

31.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

Behold! and see, the moments flee,
And time flies on apace;
Let me draw nigh to the most High,
And seek his saving grace.

He promises eternal bliss,
If I believe his word;
O, how benign thy love divine
Is to my soul, my Lord!

O cleanse from sin, my soul within,
And, Oh! my heart renew;
Though weak and young, thou can'st make strong,
Thy favours are not few.

Make me thy son—thy will be done,
In every part of me;
O Jesus! keep thy wand'ring sheep,
Nor let me stray from thee.

Quicken my pace, to run the race,
Along the heavenly road;
And may the prize attract my eyes,
Which shines in thy abode.

Childhood and youth, averse to truth,
Earth's vanities pursue;
These short-liv'd joys they chiefly prize,
Nor keep thy laws in view.

Let me rejoice, and take my choice,
In pleasures every way;
Yet I must know there is also
A final *judgment day!*

God from on high, will soon descry
The faults beneath the sun;
His Book records my thoughts and words,
And actions I have done.

Jesus, my Friend! I would depend
On thy atoning blood;
Thy saving grace let me embrace,
And make my peace with God.

What are all joys but empty toys
Compar'd with thy pure love?
For that is sure, and will endure
When heaven and earth remove.

Thou art my tower, in evil hour,
My shelter from the storm;
Thou'lt not neglect, but still protect
And keep me safe from harm.

O! cleanse my soul, and make me whole,
And fit me for the place
Where I shall sing to God my King,
And see his smiling face.

There I shall join with saints divine
To praise the great I AM;
Receive a crown—with joy sit down
Beside the spotless *Lamb*.

For he once gave his life to save
My soul from death and hell;
And rose again for me t'obtain
A place in heaven to dwell.

O God of love! enthron'd above,
How wondrous are thy ways!
May I unite with saints in light,
To give thee endless praise.

32.

TIME AND ETERNITY COMPARED.

TIME, like an arrow flies away,
Nor yet a trace is found!
Moments and hours make up the day,
And years complete their round.

How swift our lives! how short the space,
For creatures that have souls,
To ripen for a better place,
Where one vast period rolls!

Yet, when cold death shall close my eyes,
If I'm prepar'd to die,
To bliss immortal I shall rise
Beyond the starry sky.

In that bright world, where day and night
Shall interchange no more,
Jesus a flood of dazz'ling light
Upon his saints will pour.

There sin and sorrow ever cease
To tempt or pain the mind;
There, all in harmony and peace,
Ecstatic pleasure find.

33.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

"*The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.*
Prov. xx. 27.

WHAT is this principle within
Accusing me of ev'ry sin?
What is this light in ev'ry breast,
Of actions good, or bad, the test?

It is the *candle* of the Lord!
Which will a constant light afford;
To guide us in the perfect way,
Or check us when we go astray.

Deprav'd—obscur'd—it dimly burns!
To this side and to that it turns;
And, like the judgment and the will,
Calls darkness light, and goodness ill:

But, aided by the word of God,
It even holds the scales and rod;
And, with a power for me too strong,
Determines what is right or wrong.

It still detects hypocrisy,
And stains the cheek with crimson dye;
While latent evils in the breast
Are by the downcast eyes confest.

So Joseph's breth'ren were alarm'd,
Accus'd by conscience doubly arm'd!
That smote them for the evils done
To him—their father's fav'rite son.

Behold, the Babylonish king,
Surrounded by the festive ring!
Soon as the mystic *hand* he sees,
It's mighty power shook both his knees!

See! Judas, traitor to his Lord,
Deep smitten by this two-edg'd sword!
Unable longer to sustain,
Destroys himself to ease his pain!

O, may I from temptation fly,
Quick as the motion of the eye!
And may this *monitor* within
A safeguard prove from every sin!

Then shall I stand before thy bar,
And hear with joy my sentence there,
Pronounc'd by my approving Lord,
"Come and possess thy full reward."

34.

FOR THE FIRST DAY OF MAY.

HAIL! lovely season of the year,
Thy sweet return our eyes salute;
Where'er we gaze what charms appear,
While nature sings, shall man be mute?

To thee, we raise our joyful voice,
Dear Jesus! on the wings of praise;
Thy Name's the theme we make our choice;
Thy goodness crowns our early days.

Be sinful pleasures all withdrawn;
Religion our first thoughts engage:
Those will pollute life's op'ning dawn—
This will defend declining age.

On thee alone our hopes be staid,
For swiftly flees our youth away;
The bloom of beauty soon will fade—
The prime of manhood will not stay.

With holy diligence and care
We still would learn thy sacred Word;
Our faith and hope are treasur'd there—
Our future glory and reward.

35.

CHRIST THE BEST FRIEND.

WHO can estimate the worth
Of a love that knows no end?
All the treasures upon earth
Are too poor to buy a Friend.

Parents may their own forsake,
E'en a brother may supplant!
But a Friend will pity take,
And relieve our ev'ry want.

E'en a Friend may prove so true,
His own life for *one* expose;
But what love the Saviour knew,
As to suffer for his *foes!*

Jesus' love will ne'er decline;
'Tis superior to all others';
'Tis eternal and divine;
'Tis more faithful than a brother's.

He forsook the realms of bliss,
Tabernacled here below;
Was expos'd to wretchedness,
And the keenest pangs of woe.

May my heart his kindness melt!
(Unaffected by his law)
And, if I have never felt
Love to Him—may feel it *now!*

36.

A GIFT TO THE BEST FRIEND.

Prov. xxiii. 26.

And canst thou deny such a boon
To Him who first gave it to thee?
Return it again, and that soon,
And quick from idolatry flee.

How many competitors strive,
And put in their claim for thy heart?
And keep thy attention alive,
To cause thee from God to depart!

The world with its flatt'ring scenes
Still tries thy affections to win;
'Twixt thee and thy friend intervenes,
Thy footsteps to lead into sin.

The lustful desires of the flesh,
The pleasures let in at the eye,
Excite ev'ry passion afresh,
And often obtain victory.

And Satan, with stratagems deep,
Injects his temptations so strong,
And tries in his bondage to keep
The too yielding hearts of the young.

Thy Father above who demands,
That thou should'st surrender thy soul,
Will strengthen thy heart and thy hands,
Their malice and rage will control.

Then give him—O cheerfully give
Thy heart in the bloom of thy days!
With pleasure the gift he'll receive,
And thou shalt rejoice in his ways.

37.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

NUMBERS commence the christian race,
And strive the prize to gain;
Till obstacles retard their pace,
And turn them back again.

Smooth and deceitful seems the way,
Their hearts are all on fire!
Too short appears the longest day,
The hours too soon expire.

But still they've not consider'd well
The evils they must brook;
Nor sat them down the cost to tell,
Now they've the world forsook.

The enemies that will oppose
Their progress to the skies;
Both outward and internal foes,
That daily will arise.

The hidden evils of the heart
Will combat still with grace;
And Satan, too, will act his part
To interrupt their race.

Forsaken by each former friend,
Who now their course deride;
There's naught on which they can depend,
Unless God will provide.

Thus while the contest is maintain'd
By those opposing powers,
Sometimes by flesh a conquest's gain'd,
The final vict'ry's ours.

Then with the saints I'll take my share,
Though good or ill be given;
For those with Christ that suffer here,
With him shall reign in heaven.

38.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT.

Eph. vi.

FIRST PART.

PREPARE my soul! to fight prepare!
Behold, thy enemies are near!
With Satan, leader of the van,
The restless foe of God and man.

See! where their pois'nous arrows fly,
While thousands all around me die;
How shall I stand, or safe remain,
Where many mightier have been slain?

Now they allure my feet astray,
In some delightful, devious way;
And, with the baits of carnal joys,
Ensnare my heart, and charm my eyes.

Here *beauty* tries with subtle skill;
Her darts are often known to kill!
In secret ambuscade she lies,
And makes a conquest by surprise.

While *sensual pleasure* tempts the soul,
To quaff the poison of the bowl;
'Till, quite overcome, with greedy gust
She gives a loose to every lust.

SECOND PART.

Ambition now the bosom fires,
Which after fleeting fame aspires;
While *envy*, with tormenting smart,
Gnaws, like a canker, at the heart.

Here *Prejudice*, with jaundic'd eyes,
Views objects in a false disguise;
And, ere examination's past,
She judges and condemns in haste.

Here *Slander*, with malicious spite,
Delights with venom'd tooth to bite
At honest worth, or some good name,
Stranger to truth, averse from shame.

Now, *Mammon* round the heart entwines,
The bowels of the golden mines,
And, in sweet slavery detains
His captives in the glitt'ring chains.

But *Pride* intrench'd, lies deep within,
Parent of ev'ry other sin;
And, when the most remote it seems,
Destroys our best concerted schemes.

THIRD PART.

These, and a nameless group beside,
Within, without, on ev'ry side,

Besiege me round to make me yield,
And win by fraud, or force, the field.

Unable, Lord, to meet the foe,
In thy Almighty strength I go;
O, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
This formidable host to fight!

Thy power invincible can quell
The stoutest foe of earth and hell;
Upheld and shelter'd by thy hand,
Secure amidst them all I stand.

Give me *sincerity* of heart,
Never to act the traitor's part;
With uniform and steady zeal
My Captain's just commands fulfil.

Whene'er my *fortitude* declines,
I'll gird thy truth about my lines;
And may the sacred bandage brace
Each virtue in its proper place.

May strict *integrity* of mind,
With *piety* and *prudence* join'd,
And *righteousness*, in front appear,
Breast-plate to keep the vitals clear.

FOURTH PART.

Make plain my path, my way prepare;
The sacred *sandals* let me wear;
My feet shall run the heavenly road,
When with the peaceful Gospel shod.

Assist me, most of all to wield
Strong *faith's* impenetrable shield!
Whose power can quench, in spite of foes,
The fiery darts which Satan throws.

Salvation's *helmet*, cheerful *hope!*
Shall keep my sinking spirits up;

While I behold with ardent eyes
The crown of glory in the skies.

Give me the Spirit's *two-edg'd sword*,
(God's ever tried unerring *word*;)
Nor may I lose the piercing blade,
Till I've a final victory made.

Yet still, without continual *prayer*,
In vain this panoply I bear!
For if in slothfulness I'm found,
The enemy will gain the ground.

Watching with caution, may I spy
The least approach of danger nigh;
And, with a persevering might,
Put all my furious foes to flight.

Hear what thy glorious Saviour saith—
"Be only faithful unto death;
"When thou shalt end this painful strife,
"I'll give to thee a crown of life."

39.

WALK CIRCUMSPECTLY.

Ephs. v. 15, 16.

Oh! who can walk with perfect care
In such a world of sin?
Where Satan plies each specious snare
Our foolish hearts to win.

But while the Saviour's kept in sight,
Our Captain, and our Guide,
We shall put all our foes to flight,
Our feet will never slide.

No longer fools, but wise become,
Our time we shall redeem;
When in our hearts he finds there's room
For such a guest as him.

Unable to resist our foes
By our own native powers;
Jesus, himself must interpose
Between their strength and ours.

What though the path to bliss is strait,
And difficult to tread,
We'll lay aside each sinful weight,
And look to Christ our head.

And with due caution guard our feet,
While we pursue the road,
That leads to happiness complete
In heaven's supreme abode.

40.

GRATITUDE FOR EARLY INSTRUCTION.

What suitable returns
Of filial gratitude,
Shall I to my kind parents make,
Who train'd me up for God?

True piety and zeal
Through all their life appear'd;
They taught my tender heart betimes
To fear the Lord, they fear'd.

The law of kindest love
Dropt from their peaceful tongue;
And, without rage or passion, shew'd
Wherein I'd acted wrong.

They watch'd with anxious care
O'er my unstable youth;
And early in my mind instill'd
The principles of truth.

How happy is my lot!
How much I pity those
Whose wicked parents, like themselves,
The ways of God oppose!

How awful the account
At last they'll have to give,
When summon'd to his dreadful bar,
Their sentence to receive!

But in the realms of bliss
My parents I shall see;
And ever praise the grace divine
That sav'd both them and me.

41.

WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

Where can Happiness be found?
Where unmingled bliss reside?
Search the universe around,
Can its dwelling be descried?

Let the sons of pleasure say,
Who in jollity and mirth,
Spend the night and waste the day,
Have they found it on the earth?

Let the man of honour show,
(With the bauble on his breast)
If the blood he caus'd to flow
Makes him now completely blest?

Ask the monarch on his throne,
Ruling millions of mankind,
If contentment he has known?
If the cherub he can find?

Let the man of money come,
(With his thousands in his chest)
Whether joy has lodging-room
In the mansion of his breast?

Ask the christian if *he* knows
Where true pleasure rolls her tide;
He will say—"behold it flows
"From the Saviour's wounded side!"

42.

DEDICATING OUR OFFSPRING TO GOD.

Dear Lord, to thee with willing hands,
Our infant we commend;
His tender age thy care demands,
From evil to defend.

Guarded and guided still by thee,
May he his course pursue;
And safe o'er life's tempestuous sea,
His haven keep in view.

Early into his mind instil
The dew of heavenly grace;
May he obedient to thy will,
The Saviour's footsteps trace.

May he be taught to fix his trust
On *His* atoning blood;
"And fly from ev'ry youthful lust,"
And live alone to God.

When we, his earthly parents die,
Be thou his constant stay;
And may thy lib'ral hand supply
His wants from day to day.

May we at last our kindred join,
When Jordan we've pass'd o'er,
In the bright realms of bliss divine,
Where we shall part no more.

43.

FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHARITY SERMON.

Come, Charity, and be our guest,
Take up thy dwelling in each breast,
May all partake of thee;
May each thy kindest influence prove,
May ev'ry heart dissolve in love,
And pure philanthropy.

Come, let us taste how good thou art!
Thy gifts beneficent impart,
In this assembled place;
Teach us to feel for others' woe,
And thus a fellow-feeling show
To all the human race.

But chiefly to our rising youth,
To lead them in the way of truth,
Should be our constant aim;
Their op'ning minds to cultivate,
And save them from their ruin'd state,
Our patronage they claim.

Each kind attention should be paid,
And precept upon precept laid,
Their tender minds to bend;
Till, by example and degrees,
The little plants are grown to trees,
And perfect in the end.

Then will their thankful songs abound,
With Charity's transporting sound,
And gladden every heart;
While angels, upon joyful wings,
Shall waft it to the King of kings,
Well pleas'd to bear a part.

44.

THE SAME.

ALMIGHTY LORD! thy name we praise
For every favour given;
But more for these delightful days
In which we're train'd for heaven.

Blest be the mem'ry of the man*
Who, taught by wisdom's rules
First introduc'd the useful plan
Of forming Sunday Schools.

And now, ye gen'rous friends, to you
We raise a grateful strain;
That, while for your kind aid we sue,
We may not plead in vain.

O! still the good design succeed,
And teach our erring youth
To run with joy and holy speed,
The peaceful paths of truth.

* R. Raikes, Esq.

May ev'ry blessing from on high
In rich abundance flow,
To those whose kindly efforts try
To lessen human woe.

45.

THE SAME.

TO BE SUNG BY THE CHILDREN.

Now may we raise our youthful voice
In songs of grateful praise,
To those who rescu'd us from vice,
In these degenerate days.

Who show'd us first the pleasant way
To serve our God aright;
And taught us how to sing and pray
With pleasure and delight.

Like other children still we might
Have run the downward road,
That leads to death, and endless night,
Rejected by our God!

O! may we in our youthful prime
These privileges prize!
And still improve the precious time
To fit us for the skies.

To those bright mansions may we tend,
There may our souls aspire;
There may we meet with each kind friend
To join the heavenly choir.

Then shall we sing in noble strains
Around the throne in heaven;
"To Him who wash'd us from our sins,
"Immortal praise be given."

46.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME UNPERCEIVED.

ANTICIPATED time appears
So tardy in his flight,
Weeks seem as months, and months as years,
When we expect delight.

Soon as the wish'd-for hour arrives,
So short's the promis'd bliss,
A moment it but just survives,
To show how vain it is.

While it flits by on eagles' wing,
And cheats our fond desire,
We call it then a cruel thing—
With it our hopes expire.

Ye young! then seize it by the lock,
Which only grows *before;*
Then disappointment will not mock
Your expectation more.

Youth is the season you should prize,
So soon it flies away;
For age will wither all your joys,
And make your bliss decay.

47.

MORNING HYMN.

Now the bright and joyful sun,
Has his daily race begun,
Let me, as from bed I rise,
Pay my morning sacrifice;

To my God, whose power has kept
Me in safety while I slept:
For the sweet refreshing rest
Through the evening shades possess'd.

Like the sun, that's plac'd on high,
Darting glory from the sky,
Pleas'd, His praises may I show,
For his mercies here below.

Faithful, dutiful, and kind,
All my parents' precepts mind;
Diligent each day begin,
Still to guard my heart from sin;

And from what my teachers say,
Wiser grow from day to day:
Then will ev'ry hour's employ
Bring at night substantial joy.

48.

EVENING HYMN.

Now the duties of the day
With the sun have past away,
Ere to rest I now repair,
Let me seek the Lord by prayer.

O! forgive my every sin
Wheresoe'er my feet have been;
May I sleep in peace this night,
And no danger me affright.

Let my dreams and visions be,
Lord, of heaven and of thee:
Let not Satan me come near,
But good angels guard me here.

Should I die before I wake,
Me to thy embraces take:
Should I live, may my first voice
In a grateful song rejoice:

And due thanks and praises sing
To my great Almighty King,
For the power he did display
While insensible I lay.

49.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

By right of creation
Our Father thou art,
And kind preservation
Thou still dost impart.

By gracious adoption
Our sonship we claim,
Not by our own option,
But through Jesus' name.

Thou dwellest in heaven,
Far out of our sight,
Where worship is given
By angels in light.

Thy Name be revered
By all that have breath;
And constantly feared,
Till life ends in death.

O may thy dominion
Extend over all!
Each tribe and opinion,
Through earth's spacious ball.

Thy will as in heaven
Let all men observe,
But power must be given,
Or from it they'll swerve.

The bread which is needful
O! daily supply;
Yet make us more heedful
For that from on high.

The sins we've committed,
O! cancel them all;
May they be remitted,
Though ever so small;

As we would forgive all
The debts of each other,
And love and receive all,
Each one as a brother.

O! let not temptation
Our spirits o'erpower.
But grant us salvation
In each evil hour.

Thy kingdom's for ever,
And so is thy power!
O! may we endeavour
Thy Name to adore:

Till in realms of glory,
With all the bright train,
We fall down before thee,
And all say—*Amen!*

50.

NEW BIRTH.

Can spirits of ethereal mould
Be satisfied with sordid gold?
The children of celestial birth
Expect true happiness on earth?

It cannot be—for none but God,
Who made man from a senseless clod—
Inspir'd him with a living soul—
Can fill with perfect bliss the whole.

Then how can sin give such delight?
Why darkness choose instead of light?
Why let eternal pleasures go,
And this vain world delight us so?

Alas! too plain appears the cause;
We've broke our Maker's holy laws;
And now as aliens, far from home,
Restless, through all the earth we roam.

Our God forsook!—from him estrang'd,
We can't be happy till we're chang'd!
Till born again—the soul renew'd,
Form'd in the likeness of our God!

Then come, blest Spirit, from above!
Our guilt and unbelief remove;
Our vile affections purify,
And make us fit to live or die.

51.

LONGING FOR CHRIST.

COME, Jesus, come, and let me see thy face,
Thy lovely face, which once sweat drops of blood;
Now beaming forth divine majestic rays,
With all the splendid dignity of God!

Spread open wide those gracious hands of thine,
Which once were nail'd to the accursed tree;
And let them gently round my heart entwine,
That I may never, never stray from thee.

O! let me shelter in thy bleeding side;
Once deeply wounded with the cruel spear,
From whence there flow'd a copious crimson tide,
That sinful man might have an interest there.

Let me behold thy bright majestic head,
(Whose *nod*, *Almighty*, bade creation rise)
Once crown'd with thorns, and number'd with the dead,
But now exalted far above the skies.

Were I permitted to salute thy feet,
And bathe them with the tears of contrite love,
My ardent wishes then would be complete,
I would not envy happy saints above.

I'm but a stranger and a pilgrim here,
In this wild region wand'ring and forlorn;
When will my Lord, my love, my life, appear?
O! haste the hour, O bring the happy morn!

That blessed day, when I shall be allow'd
To see my Jesus' face, all mild, serene:
And not so much as one dark envious cloud,
Or veil of sinful flesh shall come between.

52.

THE COMPLAINT.

O PRIDE! thou detestable sin,
Thou hast enter'd and ruin'd my frame;
A slave to thy influence I've been,
And gloried too long in my shame.

My heart is of envy the seat,
The source of pollution and guile;
My tongue has made use of deceit,
And I am all filthy and vile.

Is it fit I should breathe the pure air,
Or feel the warm beams of the sun;
The blessings of Providence share,
Who have such iniquity done?

Can I that salvation expect,
Wrought out by the blood of the Lamb,
Who have liv'd in the constant neglect
Of honor and love to his Name?

Can I, who have slighted his love,
Refused his offers of grace,
Live with him for ever above,
To see the sweet smiles of his face?

I could not, I dare not to hope,
If 'twere not a sin to despair;
Encourag'd by this, I look up
To Him who will answer my prayer.

"To say I've no sin, I deceive—
"But them if I humbly confess,
"He's faithful and just to forgive,
"And cleanse me from unrighteousness."

Since, Lord, thou'rt so gracious and kind,
Attend to my humble request;
Subdue all thy foes in my mind,
Thy kingdom set up in my breast.

The power of thy Spirit bestow,
To govern these passions of mine;
That, chang'd by thy grace, I may grow
In knowledge and virtue divine.

In this only way I presume
That thou wilt forgiveness impart,
If leaning on Jesus I come,
With broken and penitent heart.

Then, O! for the sake of thy Son,
Who died a lost race to redeem,
May all the past sins I have done
Be cancell'd for ever by Him!

53.

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

1 Thess. v. 19.

Lord! do I feel a strong desire
A holy zeal for thee?
And shall I quench the sacred fire
By cold indiff'rency?

Shall I put out the heavenly flame
That burns within my breast,
And thus disgrace the christian name,
Of every name the best?

Shall my affections languid grow,
Deceiv'd by empty toys?
And let immortal pleasures go
For transitory joys?

It cannot be, if I have felt
A glow of love divine,
Consuming all my inward guilt,
My fervour should decline.

Yet, Oh! when unbelief prevails,
My hope and zeal expire;
And Satan my weak soul assails,
And damps the heavenly fire!

Questions and doubts distract my mind!
I think religion vain:
Freedom I seek, but cannot find
A balsam for my pain.

While I my impotence bemoan,
O Lord! forgive my sin;
Dissolve and break this heart of stone—
So cold and dead within.

Then shall my passions all conspire
To serve thee in their turn;
Till I am brought to join the choir
Where love will ever burn.

54.

ALL IS VANITY.

Eccles. i. 2.

WHAT is *sin*, however sweet,
Vanity, because 'tis fleet?
What are *pleasures*, on this ball?
Fancied joys that turn to gall.

What is *beauty*, mortals prize?
Vanity that quickly flies;
What is *honour?* empty breath,
Dying oft before our death.

What are *riches?* misers—say,
Only gilded mire and clay:
What is human life, at best?
But a riddle and a jest.

May I then turn off my eyes
From these empty vanities;
And pursue substantial good,
Only to be found in God!

Make his word my constant friend,
It will guide me to the end;
It will solid bliss ensure
When this world will be no more.

55.

THE APPARENT INEQUALITY OF PROVIDENCE EXPLAINED.

Sin is the sad source of sorrow and pain!
Communion with God it dissolv'd!
And what appear'd dark is easy and plain;
The riddle of life is now solv'd.

Here *Justice*, alas! seems but partially done,
And vice triumphantly reigns;
And Satan has here usurped a throne,
An empire despotic maintains.

Here *Virtue* neglected, an exile appears,
Disown'd by the poor and the proud;
While *Vice* is caress'd, and shamelessly rears
Her front in the midst of the crowd.

Here *Rapine* and *Murder* constantly rage;
And, vilest of all the most vile,
Suicide, direful still blackens the page
The annals of Albion's fair isle!

The sweetest of ties that endear human life,
The demon of *Discord* destroys!
And all this vain world is embitter'd with strife,
A scene of confusion and noise.

This is not our rest—our final repose;
'Tis here that our graces we prove;
And here we must conquer our spiritual foes,
That we may be crowned above.

The *Day* is approaching when all that are born
Must answer for all they have done;
The mask from each face will there be withdrawn,
Hypocrisy here had put on.

Then *Piety*, timid, retiring grace,
Discern'd by the Judge on the throne,
He now will invite to his lov'd embrace
With—"Welcome, my servant, well done."

Now all the *Arcana* of Heaven's design,
Which here seem'd unequal and vain,
Will prove the result of wisdom divine,
Eternity then will explain.

56.

ALL CIRCUMSTANCES BLEST TO THE BELIEVER.

Rom. viii. 28.

"ALL things together work for good"
To them who love and serve their God;
To them divinely call'd by grace,
Who still pursue their christian race.

"All things *now* work for good to them:"
The law of God does not condemn,
Because to Christ by faith they cleave,
And sin and its enjoyments leave.

"All things *still* work for good to those"
Who have the ways of wisdom chose;
Whose hope is cast within the veil,
Where all their prayers through Christ prevail.

"All things *will* work for good to all,"
Though here their comforts may be small;
If on the Lord they still depend,
He will receive them in the end.

"All things *shall* work for good to such"
As through affliction suffer much,
If they have learnt to be content
With what their heavenly Father's sent.

Trials are tests, by which we prove
If we the Lord sincerely love:
As he esteems above the rest
Those that endure the fiery test.

Take courage then, afflicted souls,
On whom the tide of trouble rolls!
When landed safe o'er Jordan's flood,
You'll find—"All things *have* work'd for good."

57.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

"*Felix trembled.*"—Acts xxiv. 25.

However impudently bold
Some their assent from truth withhold,
There is a power within;
A Judge, that will accuse—acquit,
As circumstances render fit,
To manifest their sin.

Thus Felix' conscience was alarm'd;
He of his courage was disarm'd,
And trembled when he heard
The reas'ning of the apostle Paul,
That men to judgment God would call,
And each have his reward.

Then all his crimes, by night and day,
Before him rose in black array;
He trembled at his guilt!
When lo! how wonderful the case,
The judge now takes the pris'ner's place,
Aw'd by the truth he felt.

The voice of conscience to suppress,
Thus sinners try, with vain success;
Yet faithful to its trust,
Vicegerent for its God within,
It still admonishes for sin,
With accusations just.

Save me from that which should be fear'd,
That curse below—a conscience sear'd!
Alike insensible
To all the threat'nings of the law,
Or sweet allurements that might draw
The soul to heaven from hell.

Grant me a conscience void of blame,
A stranger both to guilt and shame,
A true and faithful friend;
That, under the divine control,
It may from sin preserve my soul,
And guide me to the end.

58.

INFIDELITY SILENCED.

A PILGRIM forlorn I range to and fro,
In search for contentment and bliss;
My sorrows are great, my tears often flow,
And my heart is a stranger to peace.

Unheeded I roam, no friend can I find
To give me true comfort and joy;
Real friendship, alas! is not in mankind—
'Tis only a plant of the sky.

And is there no hope to better my state?
Can no true enjoyment be found?
And is my condition the offspring of Fate
By direful Necessity bound?

Yes, this is the doctrine of heathens of old,
And moderns have preach'd up the same;
Discarding the volume of God, they still hold
Fate governs creation's vast frame.

But, alas! no support their system can yield
To a sinner press'd down with his load!
Till by Revelation alone he's compell'd
To fly to the *Fountain of Blood.*

This is the criterion that settles the strife
Between Faith and Reason maintain'd;
This solves all the doubts which perplex human life,
The rule by which all are explain'd.

This is not our final, our permanent rest;
The soul is a stranger on earth;
And, being immortal, it pants to be bless'd
In regions that first gave it birth.

O, thou Divine Author and Giver of good !
Illumine the path where I go;
And lead me through life to the vision of God,
Where pleasures eternally flow.

59.

WHAT IS FAITH?

WHAT is it to believe?
It is in God to trust,
And on his promises to live,
The portion of the just.

What is it to believe?
On Jesus to rely,
And him our surety to receive,
Who came for us to die.

What is it to believe?
To know our sins forgiv'n,
And that we shall for ever live
With God, and Christ, in heaven.

What is it to believe?
It is no more to love
The vain delights of sense, but have
Th' affections fix'd above.

What is it to believe?
'Tis ever to conclude,
Jehovah never can deceive,
But always do us good.

What is it to believe?
'Tis, in the darkest hour,
To rest assur'd, we shall receive
Sufficient grace and power.

What is it to believe?
It is our foes to meet,
And over all, through grace achieve
The victory complete.

What is it to believe?
To triumph over death!
And know that us will God receive
When we resign our breath.

60.

HOPE.

Hope, is the pilgrim's stay,
The poor man's daily bread;
When ev'ry comfort flies away,
It stands him in their stead.

Should all his friends forsake,
Leave him in want to die,
Hope will their vacant station take,
Their absence will supply.

If his frail shatter'd bark
Is by the billows toss'd,
At distance he descries a mark,
A beacon for the lost.

He on his anchor stays,
And looks above the storm,
To his Almighty Pilot prays,
To save a helpless worm.

God speaks—the winds are still!
The waves no longer roar!
Obey the mandates of his will,
And safe he's brought to shore.

Hope is the pris'ner's prop
That saves him from despair;
If in his dungeon he can hope,
A beam of light is there.

Hope is our kindest friend,
It 'tends us when we die,
It ne'er forsakes, but in the end
Lands us above the sky.

The ground of all our hope,
Is Jesus form'd within;
Where he his residence takes up
There is no room for sin.

Then hope, and never fear,
What earth and hell can do!
For he has promis'd to be near,
And safely bring us through.

61.

LOVE.

Love is the chiefest grace,
A gem superbly bright!
Expands the soul—shines in the face,
And gives supreme delight.

'Tis not a native here:
This plant of paradise
Descended to our lower sphere,
From the ethereal skies.

Inspir'd by love divine,
We feel a sacred glow,
While spreading round our gifts benign
Among the sons of woe.

The Love of God's display'd
In all things we behold;
It has with stars the heavens array'd,
The sun adorn'd with gold.

He hung those lamps above,
To give his creatures light,
That we their Maker still might love,
And serve him with delight.

But O, the wond'rous grace!
That Jesus should become
The Saviour of our ruin'd race,
Die in the sinner's room!

T' explore this love divine,
No mortal ever can,
Nor comprehend the great design
Of the amazing plan!

'Tis this we only know,
That *God himself is Love!*
Nor would we farther wish to go,
The fact we daily prove.

By love we are supplied;
From love we all receive;
While in Jehovah we confide,
He'll ev'ry blessing give.

In heaven it ever reigns,
Among the blest above;
And, on the bright angelic plains,
We shall for ever love.

62.

"COME AND SEE!"

"Come and see!"—we would invite
All the world to such a sight!
Sight, which angels did amaze,
Brought them down from heaven to gaze.

Struck the shining ranks above
With this vast display of love!
To redeem poor sinners lost
With such great stupendous cost.

"Come and see!"—we would entreat,
While we thus together meet,
With what zeal we praise and pray,
Keeping thus our holy-day.

"Come and see!" how christians *live*,
While from Jesus they receive
Ev'ry grace and power divine:
See these in their conduct shine.

"Come and see!" how christians *love;*
Them must all good men approve;
Peaceful and sincere they seem,
Surely you will them esteem.

"Come and see!" how they are *blest;*
Bring their doctrines to the test;
Strictest scrutiny they'll stand—
Come and try them, we demand.

"Come and see" their *practice* too,
All consistent, faithful, true;
From the Word, which fools despise,
They receive divine supplies.

"Come and see" them when *apart*,
Still the same in life and heart;
"Grace the Gospel they profess,"
While their weakness they confess.

"Come and see" them *yield* their *breath*,
To the grisly monster Death!
How resign'd and calm they look
While they meet the final stroke!

They have fought of faith the fight,
In their heavenly Captain's might;
Now they wear the victor's crown,
And with him they all sit down.

63.

KISS THE SON.

Psalm ii. 12.

How lovely was the sight!
Affection, O how sweet!
When Mary, with supreme delight,
Kiss'd the Redeemer's feet.

Convinc'd she'd much forgiven,
For much she knew she ow'd;
The tears of penitence had ris'n,
And all her heart o'erflow'd.

Then kiss the Son of God
In token of your love;
Who reconcil'd you by his blood,
His gracious plan approve.

With joy our hearts expand,
So high the honor is
To kiss an earthly monarch's hand,
So great we think the bliss.

But when the Prince of peace
Invites us to draw near,
And welcomes us to his embrace,
His voice we will not hear.

Now kiss the Son, before
His anger shall take place,
And he shall ne'er invite you more,
To his belov'd embrace.

Before the time shall come,
You from your graves shall start,
And hear denounc'd your dreadful doom—
"From me, ye curs'd, depart!"

64.

A CHECK TO DESPONDENCY.

Psalm lxxvii. 8.

Is his mercy gone for ever?
Doth his promise ever fail?
Can he from his children sever?
Cut them off from the entail?

Is he like a changeful creature,
Prone to hate and love by turns?
Is this in Jehovah's nature?
No!—his love for ever burns.

Burns among the blest in heaven,
Kindles on the earth a flame;
Greater proof could ne'er be given,
Than when Christ a man became.

If he gave so great a blessing,
Other good he can't withhold;
If this gift we are possessing,
We should prize it more than gold.

The Love of God's display'd
In all things we behold;
It has with stars the heavens array'd,
The sun adorn'd with gold.

He hung those lamps above,
To give his creatures light,
That we their Maker still might love,
And serve him with delight.

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And welcomes us to his embrace,
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Now kiss the Son, before
His anger shall take place,
And he shall ne'er invite you more,
To his belov'd embrace.

Before the time shall come,
You from your graves shall start,
And hear denounc'd your dreadful doom—
"From me, ye curs'd, depart!"

64.

A CHECK TO DESPONDENCY.

Psalm lxxvii. 8.

Is his mercy gone for ever?
Doth his promise ever fail?
Can he from his children sever?
Cut them off from the entail?

Is he like a changeful creature,
Prone to hate and love by turns?
Is this in Jehovah's nature?
No!—his love for ever burns.

Burns among the blest in heaven,
Kindles on the earth a flame;
Greater proof could ne'er be given,
Than when Christ a man became.

If he gave so great a blessing,
Other good he can't withhold;
If this gift we are possessing,
We should prize it more than gold.

Unbelief may raise objection,
Keep us always in despair;
Say, "He will not grant protection,
We such great transgressors are!"

Hear, by faith, Jehovah swearing,
"I've no pleasure you should die!"
While his word this truth's declaring,
Let us on his oath rely.

65.

THE CONTRAST.

Luke xvi. 19, &c.

Behold the sumptuous epicure
While dainties crown his board!
His happiness he thinks secure
While self is still ador'd.

Rich in abundance of supplies,
In gorgeous purple dress'd,
With what can please the heart and eyes
He seems completely blest.

But, O! the difference, how great
When view'd on either side,
The beggar lying at his gate
And of the crumbs denied!

The dogs with more compassion fraught,
Their healing tongues applied,
And lick'd his sores, by instinct taught,
Until poor Lazarus died.

What though no fun'ral rites were paid
To his poor putrid clay,
To Abram's bosom he's convey'd,
By angels borne away.

While Dives, from his sparkling joys
That emulate the day,
Is call'd to leave them all, and dies—
Death summons him away!

With pomp he's to the tomb convey'd,
Deep sounds his fun'ral knell;
While in the grave his body's laid,
His soul awakes in hell!

66.

THE BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

How light are our afflictions here!
How short our sorrows seem!
Just like a moment they appear,
Or like a transient dream.

When faith in lively exercise
Is fix'd on things above,
The crown of glory in the skies,
The fruit of Jesus' love;

We look on all things here as vain,
While heaven attracts our eyes;
Through toil and grief we must attain
The life that never dies.

Probationers a little space,
To try our faith and love,
That we may still depend on grace
To land us safe above.

There sin and sorrow never come,
And death will prove our gain;
There health and joy for ever bloom,
And solid pleasures reign.

67.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PERSONAL RELIGION, AND DANGER OF DEPENDING ON PARENTAL PIETY.

Matt. iii. 9.

In vain we boast our pedigree,
Though born of virtuous blood;
'Tis not our parents' piety
Can buy our peace with God.

The Jews, of old, still made their boast
Of being Abram's seed,
And thus despis'd the Lord of hosts
That Abram did precede.

And thousands in the present day
Augment the sad amount!
"Our parents' holiness," they say,
"Is plac'd to our account."

'Tis not the blood, however pure,
Infus'd in ev'ry vein,
The evils of the soul can cure,
Or save us from our sin.

Nought but the precious stream that flow'd
From Jesus' pierced heart,
Can ever bring us near to God,
Or cleansing grace impart.

Then, O! believe the record true,
That God his Son has sent,
To save such guilty worms as you
From endless punishment.

68.

DUTY AND FELICITY OF OBEDIENCE.

Exodus xxiii. 21.

How sweet obedience proves
When duty points the way!
The man who God's commandments loves
Shall never go astray.

Peaceful his life will be,
Content will crown his board;
Deny'd the world's prosperity,
He's happy in the Lord.

His service is his joy,
To hear, and praise, and pray;
These constitute his sweet employ
On ev'ry sabbath-day.

Not on that day alone
He lets his light appear;
Throughout the happy week is shewn
His piety sincere.

His Saviour's voice he hears,
Esteeming that the best;
He courts no praise, no frowns he fears,
His conscience is his test.

He never turns aside,
But keeps the narrow path;
And, though the world may him deride,
He lives a life of faith.

69.

IGNORANCE OF GOD IS THE SOURCE OF MISERY.

If sinners knew the happiness
Enjoy'd by saints below,
They would be anxious to possess
The same religion too.

Or, if they knew their awful state
When summon'd to the tomb,
How would they, ere it was too late,
"Flee from the wrath to come!"

Could they but see, how short and vain,
Each earthly pleasure is!
They would be anxious to obtain
More solid lasting bliss!

But unbelief beclouds the mind;
The ways of sin they love;
The road to peace they cannot find,
Till God the veil remove.

I was in dreadful darkness too,
But by his grace I see;
Then, while my happy state I view,
How thankful should I be!

70.

THE WINTER OF THE SOUL.

The Summer now is past,
The trees their leaves have lost;
And dreary winter's come at last,
With piercing wind and frost.

We have enjoy'd the sun,
And long and cheerful days;
But can we look with pleasure on
Our progress made in grace?

And should the search be made,
Will there be cause for joy?
Do love and zeal our life pervade,
Our hearts and tongues employ?

We seem a barren waste,
O'er which the tempest rolls;
With us the fruitful season's past,
'Tis winter with our souls!

Dear Saviour! quickly come,
With sunshine and with showers;
And let thy Spirit chase the gloom
That overspreads our powers.

71.

PROSPECT OF SPRING ENCOURAGING.

Behold! the buds adorn
The trees with lively green;
The primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
And now the violet's seen.

The sun's more powerful rays
Excite the birds to sing,
And nature, all around, essays
To greet the coming Spring.

But man remains unmov'd
Amid the works of God!
Though by creation round reprov'd
For his ingratitude

Shall birds and beasts upbraid
Their delegated lord?
Of him shall it be ever said,
He can't a song afford?

They die, and are no more;
But man's immortal mind
Shall dwell in bliss for evermore,
Or be in hell confin'd!

Then, Lord! revive each soul,
Since we so dead have been;
That while the various seasons roll,
We may be fresh and green.

72.

THE FOUNTAIN UNSEALED.

Oh! thou source of real pleasure,
Draw my heart to thine embrace;
Thou'rt an everlasting treasure!
Inexhaustible thy grace.

May I now secure the blessing,
Brought from heaven to earth below;
Nought beside is worth possessing,
But this balm for every woe

Millions cannot drain this fountain,
Open'd in the Saviour's side!
While eternal years are counting,
It will flow a boundless tide.

Blessed Spirit! put in motion,
This deep river fill'd with blood;
Plunge me in the mighty ocean,
Flowing from the throne of God.

This alone has power of healing
All our wounds, and all our woe;
But this fountain wants unsealing
Ere its living waters flow.

Faith, of God's own operation,
Must the heavenly fount unseal;
Though it meet with opposition,
Finally it will prevail.

For this wondrous condescension
To unworthy worms below,
Through eternity we'll mention
The unbounded thanks we owe.

73.

HAPPINESS OF A SAINT IN HEAVEN.

What language can paint
A glorified saint,
Exalted above in the skies!
By the side of the Lamb,
Who calls him by name,
And wipes ev'ry tear from his eyes.

No sorrow or sin,
Without or within,
Shall ever disturb his repose;
His joy, like a river,
For ever and ever,
Enraptur'd his spirit o'erflows.

But why all this bliss?
Because where he is
No guilt or pollution is found;
But holy and pure
His pleasures endure,
While eternity runs its vast round.

Of heavenly birth,
I'll spurn the dull earth,
And to mansions of glory aspire;
From Satan defend;
Of sin make an end:
This! this is my ardent desire.

74.

HAPPY FRAME OF MIND.

Rise, my soul, to heaven aspiring;
Angels join
Songs with thine,
Praising, without tiring.

Let not earth detain thee longer;
Look above,
Thou wilt prove,
Faith will make thee stronger.

Praying still, and never ceasing,
Urge thy way,
No delay,
Till thou find the blessing.

Keep thy Captain still before thee,
Till the prize
Meet thy eyes
In the realms of glory.

There thou shalt with pleasing wonder,
On his face
Ever gaze,
And ne'er part asunder.

75.

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Son of David! hear my prayer,
Now thou art passing by;
Make my abject state thy care,
Thy healing hand apply.
I am needy, blind, and lame;
Behold my sin and wretchedness;
Let me *now* thy pity claim,
For mine's an urgent case.

Helpless, Lord! I cannot move;
I cannot come to thee;
Now th' impediment remove,
And set the pris'ner free:
If thy love and power's the same,
O, then behold my sore distress!
Let me *now* thy pity claim,
For mine's a pressing case.

Still, O, Son of David, hear!
Do not my suit deny;
Turn not away thy gracious ear,
Attend a sinner's cry;
Thou the wand'rer canst reclaim,
Snatch from sin's delusive maze;
Let me *now* thy pity claim.
For mine's an urgent case.

Other helpers have I none,
Dear Jesus, come to me;
Bid my doubts and fears begone,
Remove my misery:

Take away my guilt and shame,
And clothe me with thy spotless dress,
Then to all I will proclaim,
"*The Lord my Righteousness.*"

76.

THE SAME.

Dead in trespasses and sin,
No life divine have I;
And still dead I shall remain,
Till thou dost help apply:
Nicodemus like, I come,
That I thy saving power may prove;
In thy heart there still is room,
For thou art God of love.

Take, me Saviour, to thy breast,
Then happy I shall be;
Here, alas! there is no rest,
'Tis only found in thee:
Till the mystery thou explain,
To my waiting spirit show
How I may be born again:
'Tis this I want to know.

From a fountain cannot run
Both sweet and bitter streams;
Light and darkness from the sun
Proceed with the same beams:
Nor can souls be made alive,
But under death they will remain,
Till from God they life derive,
And they are born again.

77.

"MY SPRINGS ARE IN GOD."

Psalm lxxxvii. 7.

"My springs are all in thee,"
Thou Giver of all good!
I'll trust in thy veracity,
For raiment, health, and food.

"My springs are all in thee,"
For friendship's pleasing ties,
Which make the earth appear to me
A second Paradise.

"My springs are all in thee;"
My times are in thy hands;
Whate'er may be my destiny,
I'll wait thy wise commands.

"My springs are all in thee;"
On thee I will rely:
Sooner may I exhaust the sea,
Than drain this fountain dry!

"My springs are all in thee,"
If painful, dark, or bright;
I know they'll all prove good for me,
When they are view'd aright.

"My springs are all in thee,"
Whatever state I'm in:
Though thy designs I cannot see
In this dark world of sin.

"My springs are all in thee,"
While I enjoy my breath;
And will be so eternally,
In glory after death!

78.

MOTIVES TO HOLINESS.

Romans xii. 1.

DEAR Lord! by motives so divine,
Can I thy claim deny?
Can I withhold what's doubly thine
By every tender tie?

Thy mercies so amazing free,
On sinful worms bestow'd;
That did not even pass by *me*,
A rebel 'gainst my God!

Earth has too long engross'd my powers;
Too long I've been intent,
In wasting the important hours
That were so kindly lent.

Oh! may that time more than suffice,
Which now with grief I see;
When, in the ways of sin and vice,
I liv'd estrang'd from thee.

The thought, like wormwood to my taste,
Embitters all my days!
Jesus! for my deliv'rance haste—
How painful thy delays!

79.

DESPAIR REMOVED.

How dare a guilty sinner raise
His eyes up to a throne of grace?
Or rush into the sight of Him
Whose eyes are like a fiery flame.

The angels tremble while they gaze,
Lost in his full majestic blaze;
And hide their faces with their wings
Before th' Almighty King of kings.

His smiles create their blissful noon,
And keep their heavenly harps in tune;
His frown is worse than hell to bear;
And fills the earth with black despair!

How dare a sinner then presume
Before his awful throne to come?
Incensed justice might awake,
And make the guilty rebel quake.

But, Oh! what condescending grace!—
The Saviour takes the sinner's place;
And opens, by his precious blood,
A new and living way to God.

Then let us cast our fears away,
And come in this accepted way,
Looking to Jesus—he alone
Did for our num'rous sins atone.

80.

THE ONLY HAPPY MAN.

How blest the man, whose pious care
Is not to this vain world confin'd;
But who employs, in praise and prayer,
The nobler mind.

Nor honour seeks—nor shining wealth—
Time's trifling pleasures cease to please;
While temp'rance keeps his frame in health,
His soul's at ease.

His conscience feels no inward pangs;
Peace, in his breast, has fix'd her throne;
His hope of heaven securely hangs
On Christ alone.

To him death wears no frightful forms!
The habit of a friend assumes;
He looks beyond the grave, and worms,
To where life blooms:

Blooms in a world of perfect joy,
Where God in glory, saints adore;
And praise shall be his sweet employ
For evermore.

81.

THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR.

Long toss'd on ocean's billowy tide,
By adverse tempests driven;
Nor moon, nor polar star descried,
To guide him to his haven;
While the vex'd waters round him foam,
His anxious thoughts are fix'd on home.

But, Oh! how welcome to his sight,
Amid the waste forlorn,
When, with the bright returning light
Of the long wish'd for morn,
(Ecstatic joys his heart expand)
He now beholds the distant land!

The christian's like the sailor, too,
Launch'd on the world's wide sea,
Where nought but storms await his view,
From which he cannot flee,
He thinks his little bark, at last,
Will on some fatal rock be cast.

But when he takes the glass of faith,
And to his sight applies,
He sees beyond these storms and death,
The land of Paradise;
The haven where his soul would be,
Safe landed from the troubled sea.

He sees his Captain at the helm,
Who will his vessel guide;
Nor will he let the waves o'erwhelm,
But safe at anchor ride:
Hope springs exulting in his breast,
That soon he'll enter into rest.

82.

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN DELIGHTFUL.

Come christians, who have known the Lord,
And say what sweetness you have found
While you've perus'd his sacred word,
And listen'd to the Gospel-sound.

How oft the world has lost its charms,
When Jesus smiling from above,
Spread open his inviting arms,
And gave you tokens of his love!

Oh! the sweet thought that he is ours,
We have a share in his esteem!
How it awakens all our powers!
How it attracts our hearts to him!

Our love with stronger ardour glows;
The meaner joys of sense retire;
A stream of pure affection flows,
And hope excites intense desire.

The glories of the heavenly state
Absorb our souls, entranc'd in bliss!
Like a lorn dove that's lost its mate,
We long to be where Jesus is.

But ah! how transient is its stay!
Some cruel object comes between,
And drives the happy thought away,
And soon obscures the beauteous scene!

Dear Lord! take up thy fix'd abode,
A constant dwelling in my heart;
Till I'm prepared to see my God,
And be for ever where thou art!

83.

CHARITY THE BOND OF PERFECTNESS.

Col. iii. 14.

WHERE can we go to find
One that is free from sin?
A holy, pure, and perfect mind,
Where love prevails within?

If angels sin'd, and fell,
Can man perfection boast?
A child of wrath, an heir of hell,
Sinful, deprav'd and lost?

Oh! happy state of soul,
Where love divine is felt;
The passions under sweet control,
The conscience free from guilt.

This blissful state's attain'd
By faith in Jesus' blood;
And by the Spirit's power maintain'd,
By which we are renew'd.

Let wrath and malice cease,
And love pervade the breast;
"This is the bond of perfectness,"
The only way to rest.

84.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

COME, our brother—sister dear,
To our privileges here;
Enter the Redeemer's fold,
Be among his saints enroll'd.

Oh! what pleasure you will find,
When unto his people join'd!
In their joys you'll bear a part,
Love will flow from heart to heart.

When afflictions you endure,
Their advice will ease insure:
Should the world your peace assail,
Their affection will not fail.

If by troubles sorely tried—
By temptation sharply plied!
If by Satan you are griev'd,
By their prayers you'll be reliev'd.

Should you ere incline to stray,
Turn aside from the good way;
They'll still keep you in their sight,
Set your erring footsteps right.

What a family of love!
All in one kind circle move!
All unite with one consent,
Like a well-tun'd instrument.

But perfection ne'er expect;
As, sometimes through sad neglect,
Discord, fiend of hateful form,
Oft will raise a dreadful storm!

Calumny's pestif'rous breath,
(To be dreaded more than death)
Spreads its baneful influence wide,
Causing some to turn aside.

O! what need to watch and pray,
Lest from Christ we go astray;
Keeping ever in our eye
The eternal Majesty.

85.

THE SAME.

Matt. xviii. 15.

The air of heaven is love,
And angels breathe therein;
In God alone they live and move,
For they are free from sin.

But on this earthly ball
Perfection can't be found;
Since man's apostacy and fall,
Sin, curse, and death abound.

Offences hence arise,
Among the sons of God,
To interrupt their mutual joys,
And discord spread abroad.

If we a brother's sin
Would faithfully reprove,
To him we still should make it plain
That it proceeds from love.

Nor spread his crime abroad;
But let it still be shown,
By love to him, and love to God,
We're influenc'd alone.

And, if he should repent,
Him back we will restore;
Pleas'd to behold his heart relent,
And hope he'll sin no more.

86.

THE CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.

James ii. 26.

How dang'rous and absurd
To think our faith will prove
Well pleasing to a holy Lord,
Unless it works by love.

For, as the body's dead
Without the soul within,
So faith, without good works, no aid
Can offer against sin.

With works it must unite,
And in the conduct shine;
To form a perfect man aright,
Both soul and body join.

Can a dead carcase move,
Or think, or speak, or act?
No more can christians without love
Shew they are such in fact.

Be it my constant care,
Before the world to prove
My faith is genuine and sincere,
Because it works by love.

87.

"ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD," &c.

Romans viii. 28.

Do I believe the glorious truth,
"All things promote my real good?"
Have I not found it from my youth,
Though often darkly understood?

And do afflictions—losses—pains—
Bitter and sweet together prove,
That losses turn to real gains—
Afflictions proofs of Jesus' love?

Yet, if we know and love the Lord,
And for his kind assistance pray,
Sufficient grace he will afford,
And strength proportion'd to our day.

But what must sinful worms expect,
Who hate and disobey his will?
For who his mercy now reject,
He will their cup with fury fill.

"Depart from me, I know you not,"
(He will pronounce with dreadful ire)
"The deepest hell shall be your lot,
"To dwell with fiends in endless fire!"

O then, ye sinners, turn and live!
Fly to the Saviour's bleeding side!
Trust in his merits, and believe
That he for you hath bled and died.

Then, you with joy will hear him say,
"Ye blessed of my Father, come,
"To realms of everlasting day,
"For in my kingdom there is room."

88.

THE SOWER AND THE SEED.

Matt. xiii. 3—8.

How barren is our heart,
No fruits of grace abound,
Satan has pick'd up ev'ry part
That not a seed is found!

'Tis like the flinty rock,
On which descends the rain,
Yet still the expectations mock
Of him who sows the grain.

With joy we hear the word;
And for a time obey;
Till persecution—famine—sword—
Cause us to fall away!

Sometimes the sacred truth
Is mix'd with worldly cares;
Like thorns they interrupt its growth,
And still no fruit appears!

O! for an upright mind,
Prepar'd by heavenly grace;
In which the precious word may find
A constant dwelling place.

89.

CHRIST IS ALL.

EARTH can no benefit bestow
To satisfy the mind;
Its chief delights are mix'd with woe;
True bliss we cannot find.

Its friendship is precarious too;
Self is too much ador'd;
Sincere and humble souls how few!
How few who love the Lord!

But "Christ is all in all" to such,
Who feel their sin and guilt;
They never can love him too much,
His blood for them he spilt.

Conscious of weakness and of want,
They to his throne repair;
Assur'd he will assistance grant
In answer to their prayer.

Thus while to him they homage yield,
When at his feet they fall,
They find his word to them fulfill'd,
That "He is All in All."

90.

STABILITY AND ZEAL RECOMMENDED.

1 Cor. xv. 58.

Ye servants of God, be steadfast and true,
At home and abroad, his pleasure pursue:
His labour is sweet, the benefit sure,
Though trials you meet, you still shall endure.

If found in the way and work of the Lord,
Your strength as your day he still will afford:
He'll never forsake, though mean you may seem,
But you shall partake all fullness in him.

Though help you have none, your own you can call,
It soon will be shown your Saviour has all;
All power and might to him have been given;
He claims as his right, the earth and the heaven.

Then ever maintain his interest below,
'Twill not be in vain you'll afterwards know;
Improve but your talent, it profit ensures,
And you'll have the warrant, that heaven is your's.

91.

CHRISTIANS MADE PURE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

How spotless white the mountain-snow!
How innocent the dove!
How pure the crystal fountains flow!
How tender mothers' love!

But not so white the mountain-snow,
So pure the crystal flood,
As those whose hearts are wash'd below,
By Jesus' precious blood!

Nor yet so innocent the dove,
Nor mothers half so kind,
As He, who came from heaven above
To rescue lost mankind!

Love rose unto its highest pitch,
When God his Son did give!
Poor he became, to make us *rich*—
He *died*, that we might *live!*

Oh! wond'rous love!—stupendous grace!
That pitied rebels so;
The tongues of angels can't express
The gratitude we owe.

In heavenly mansions we'll proclaim,
With each redeemed soul,
"All glory to the spotless Lamb,"
While endless ages roll.

92.

OBEDIENCE FLOWING FROM FAITH.

Luke xix. 8.

As Jesus pass'd along,
And crowds prest round to see,
Zaccheus, small of stature, ran
And climb'd into a tree.

He caught the Saviour's eye,
Who with compassion cried—
"Make haste, Zaccheus, and come down,
With thee I must abide."

O, what a glorious guest
The publican retain'd!
When Jesus, with his heavenly grace,
He kindly entertain'd.

For, where the Saviour comes,
Salvation's in his train;
Yet, how unwilling sinners are
Their Lord to entertain!

May we incline our ear
Whenever he shall call;
In humble confidence draw near,
And find him All in All.

93.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Day of God! of days the best;
When he spreads his sacred feast;
And an invitation sends
To his hungry—thirsty friends.

Happy times, when at the board
Jesus sits himself the Lord;
Serves them from his ample store;
Feeds and satisfies the poor.

If their souls are faint and dry,
Here they find a fresh supply;
Streams of rich salvation flow,
To assuage their ev'ry woe:

Heavenly food for souls alone,
To the carnal heart unknown;
Those who once partake of this,
Long no more for worldly bliss.

Lord! our appetite prepare
For this rich celestial fare;
Let us feed on Jesus slain,
That we may new life obtain.

List'ning to the Gospel sound,
May our faith and hope abound;
Till our happy souls remove
To the heavenly feast above.

94.

THE SAME.

Welcome, sweet day of holy joy!
When prayer and praise our tongues employ;
When we forget each anxious care,
While we the richest blessings share.

Here we fresh grace and strength receive,
While on the promises we live;
Assured that all things work for good
To them who love and serve their God.

Here we with holy zeal inspir'd,
Still in his ways are never tir'd;
His service perfect freedom find,
His word a cordial to our mind.

Though Satan should his power exert
To sow his tares in every heart,
Faith in Jehovah will succeed,
And fruitful make the precious seed.

Then, Oh! with joy his courts attend;
Faith, hope, and love together blend;
Then will each earthly sabbath prove
A foretaste of the rest above.

95.

THE TEARS OF CONTRITE LOVE.

Luke viii. 37.

How lovely was the sight,
As Jesus sat at meat,
When Mary, with affection mov'd,
With tears bedew'd his feet!

Her flowing tresses took
The useful napkin's place,
With which she wip'd his sacred limbs
With sweet becoming grace!

Her fun'ral tears embalm'd
The Saviour ere he died;
While he commends this act of faith,
Her contrite love supplied.

His sympathizing heart
This tender pledge esteems,
And on the weeping penitent
His eye with pity beams.

Conscious of num'rous crimes,
A load of guilts he feels!
And, with compassion in his eyes,
Jesus her pardon seals!

Sinners, however vile,
May the same mercy meet,
If with a broken, contrite heart,
They bow before his feet.

96.

PRAYER-MEETING.

Now from the world retir'd,
We would draw near to God,
With faith, and love, our bosoms fir'd,
To spread our wants abroad.

How pleasant 'tis to meet
Our fellow worshippers!
Where heart meets heart in union sweet,
While each his suit prefers.

As face will answer face
When in a mirror view'd,
So all the family of grace
Are with one mind imbu'd.

How oft when faint we come,
Our hearts feel cold as ice!
Till love divine pervades the room,
We seem in Paradise.

We then are all on fire,
And storm the throne of grace!
And all a holy zeal acquire,
And rapture fills the place.

Like fields refresh'd with showers,
By prayer we strength obtain;
While grace re-animates our powers,
And we go on again.

97.

THE ABSENCE OF JESUS LAMENTED.

How heavy and languid my powers,
When Jesus my Shepherd's withdrawn!
What pleasures can sweeten the hours?
What charm can allure his return?

How widow'd and sad is the soul
Whose husband has taken his flight!
How slowly the wheels of time roll,
The day is exchang'd for the night!

In vain I inquire of the gay,
If he in their circle has been;
But all most contemptuously say,
"Your lover we never have seen."

Where noise and confusion abound,
I anxiously ask of the crowd,
If Jesus amongst them is found;
"He is not," they answer aloud.

If next to the court I repair,
To see if I there can him meet;
They say, "that he seldom comes there—
His presence they never entreat."

At places of public resort,
The theatre, ball, or exchange,
I ask of them each to report,
But he is to all of them strange.

Then where can my Saviour be found?
Where does he take up his abode?
With pleasure I hear a voice sound,
"He's seen in the temple of God."

98.

BELIEVERS ENCOURAGED IN THEIR WARFARE.

Come, ye saints, who still are tempted
To renounce your faith and hope;
Trials cannot be prevented,
Still your cross you must take up:
Lean on Jesus—
He will be your daily prop.

Ever look to his example,
In his holy footsteps tread;
On your foes you soon shall trample,
Till they are completely dead!
Then you'll triumph—
In your ever-living Head.

Persevering and courageous,
Still maintain the constant fight,
Though your foes may grow outrageous,
You shall put them all to flight,
Obtain complete—
Vict'ry, in your Captain's might.

Death, the last to be destroyed,
Shall resign his potent sway!
Nor by fear of him annoyed,
Shall your confidence give way;
Angels then shall—
Safe to glory you convey.

99.

THE EVIL OF COVETOUSNESS.

Joshua xxii. 20.

An evil eye's a sin
We've reason to deplore;
Like water, when 'tis once let in,
It spreads still more and more!

'Tis but a trifling thing
We covet at the first,
But O, what num'rous evils spring,
When in the heart 'tis nurst!

Thus Achan by a look
His family destroy'd;
Judas through this the silver took,
And Jesus crucified.

Thus David was ensnar'd
By a lascivious eye;
And thousands since their time have shar'd
In their calamity.

They perish not alone
Who these vile sins commit!
Numbers their influence brings down
To the infernal pit.

Then, O my soul, beware!
And tread with cautious feet;
Guard well thy heart and eye with care,
That thou may'st act discreet.

100.

HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

This world is a desert, where briars and thorns
The pilgrim's rough pathway infest!
So painful and dreary, he inwardly mourns,
And anxiously hopes to be bless'd.

A beam of contentment illumines his mind
While thinking on glory to come!
With raptures unknown to the rest of his kind,
His spirit anticipates home.

Sweet home! where with solace divine he will meet
His kindred and friends gone before;
Who throw down their crowns at Immanuel's feet,
And wonder, and love, and adore.

With holy contention they strive to excel
In the praises of heaven's great King;
Enraptur'd their souls, fill'd with gratitude, swell,
And the portals of Paradise ring:

"To Him that hath lov'd us, and wash'd us," they cry,
"In his own immaculate blood;
"All honour and glory—supreme majesty,
"Be given to Him, and to God."

The thought of this blessedness kindles a hope,
Dispersing the gloom of the grave,
While passing the valley of death he looks up
To Him who is able to save.

101.

THE DIVINE BENEDICTION IMPLORED ON LEAVING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

Now thy blessing, Lord, impart,
Ere from hence our feet depart.
In our lives may it be shown,
In good ground thy word was sown;
That a crop of heavenly grace
May be seen in after days:
While the blessing we receive,
All the praise to thee we'll give.

102.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

How awful is the thought
That I am born to die!
This frame so wonderfully wrought,
In dust must lie!

The thought's more dreadful still,
I must in judgment stand!
When the last trump sounds loud and shrill
Through ev'ry land.

Both great and small must come
Before his righteous seat,
And hear their everlasting doom
The Judge repeat!

"Ye blessed of the Lord,
To you a kingdom's given;"
With joy they hear the gracious word,
And enter heaven.

But, Oh! the dire command,
(Which makes the wicked start)
"To endless regions of the damn'd,
Ye curs'd, depart!"

Ye sinners, now be wise;
Your hearts no longer steel;
Then, you the worm that never dies
Shall never feel.

102.

PARDON IMPLORED FOR SINS COMMITTED.

God of mercy! hear my prayer,
Now at thy feet I lie;
To my burden'd soul declare
My sins thou wilt pass by.

Through thy Son's atoning blood,
For pardon I would fly;
He has bought my peace with God,
That I might never die.

Then, my soul, by faith look up
To Jesus' bleeding cross!
On this only place thy hope,
Esteem all else but dross.

Him alone will God receive,
A surety for thy sin;
Then in Him alone believe,
And thou shalt be made clean.

Then prepar'd for heavenly bliss,
Thou may'st resign thy breath,
Thou shalt be where Jesus is,
Secure from sin and death.

No more Satan shall annoy
Or break thy peace again;
Love and everlasting joy,
With Christ thou shalt obtain.

103.

THE PLEASURE OF DEVOTION.

We meet in thy name,
Our hearts are on flame,
We are dead to the world, its honor, and fame.

A spirit of zeal
The worshippers feel,
And that Jesus is Lord we set to our seal.

His favor we boast,
We value it most,
We'll glory in him till we give up the ghost.

His safety we crave,
His promise we have,
That he'll not forsake us thro' life to the grave.

Each spiritual foe,
He soon will o'erthrow,
And then give to our sins the finishing blow.

Here strength we derive
To keep faith alive,
And to gain the great prize we ardently strive.

Rejoicing in hope,
We still would look up,
Till Jesus shall take us to heaven to sup.

There we shall delight
With saints to unite,
And eternity spend with Him in our sight.

104.

FAITH ENCOURAGED TO DEPEND UPON GOD.

ANOTHER morn salutes my eyes,
Once more from sleep restor'd,
To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries,
That thou wouldst grace afford.

For dangers still attend my path,
Where'er I go or stay;
I stand in need of present faith
To guide me in the way.

For past experience won't suffice
To meet each future want;
I must solicit fresh supplies
That God may please to grant.

He was my safeguard through the night,
While I defenceless lay;
And he'll impart sufficient might
According to my day.

Yet still on him I must rely,
And his assistance crave;
He will not aught to me deny,
That's fit for me to have.

Should adverse circumstances prove
To be my present lot,
And he withhold his smiles of love,
As though I were forgot:

Yet brighter seasons may arise,
The clouds disperse away,
While sunshine beaming from the skies
Creates a joyous day.

105.

MENTAL DARKNESS REMOVED BY CHRIST.

WHAT would those poor mortals give
Whose eyes are clos'd in night,
Could they but their sight receive,
And see returning light?

Worse by far's the sinner's case,
Whose understanding's dark!
Stranger to the light of grace,
He cannot see a spark!

Groping in this world of sin,
Unconscious of his state;
Till the *Light of life* begin
The clouds to dissipate:

Shine within his dark'ned mind,
He starts at what he sees!
Wond'ring he should be so blind,
Mistaking men for trees.

Now the dangers, late conceal'd,
Disclose themselves to view;
And with joy he sees reveal'd
A way more safe and true.

Objects fresh attract his soul,
But not of earthly mould;
Joys, where endless ages roll,
Whose value can't be told.

There he sees the happy throng,
With each a victor's palm,
From each nation, kindred, tongue,
Begin the heavenly psalm.

Seated near the spotless Lamb,
With them he sweetly sings,
"Glory, honour, to thy Name,
Immortal King of kings."

106.

INDIFFERENCE COMPLAINED OF.

O! what can penetrate the cloud,
That doth my Saviour's presence shroud,
And fills with doubt my dreary hours?
Or what can dissipate the gloom,
Or my once happy soul relume,
And animate my languid powers?

If to the temple I repair,
A dullness still attends me there,
I find a stony heart within!
And Satan, like a wily thief,
Keeps sowing tares of unbelief,
God's holy word is heard in vain.

If into company I come,
I almost wish my tongue was dumb,
Such idle converse still goes round,
That when I from the place retire,
Regret, and stings of conscience dire,
Are in my bosom found!

When angry passions seize my breast,
And interrupt my peaceful rest,
My Saviour cannot there abide;
Within the stillness of the soul,
When all are under his control,
For ever will my Lord reside.

107.

THE IMPORTANCE AND BENEFIT OF REAL RELIGION.

Rom. xiii. 14.

CHRIST is the christian's lovely dress,
His righteousness he wears;
What's good in him he owes to grace,
While he God's law reveres.

'Tis not by show and vain parade,
He merely bears his name;
But faith, and hope, and love pervade,
And set his soul on flame.

The fire of holy zeal inspires
His heart, his head, his hands;
And with a pure intense desire
He keeps his Lord's commands.

Nor for his fleshly appetite
Does he provision make;
He acts, and lives, as in his sight;
Obeys for Jesus' sake.

The world, with all its pomp and show,
Is nothing in his eyes,
While endless glory's kept in view,
The christian's heavenly prize.

'Tis this enables him to bear
Contentedly the cross;
Of pain and shame he takes his share,
With joy he suffers loss.

Sustain'd by the Almighty's power,
He'll ev'ry danger meet;
And in temptation's darkest hour,
He finds his promise sweet.

That he'll be with him in the flame,
The fire shall not destroy;
Nor shall the waters overwhelm,
Nor rob him of his joy.

108.

THE EXCELLENCY OF A MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT.

1 Peter iii. 4.

SIGHT above all sights excelling,
Are all meek and quiet souls,
Where true love has fix'd its dwelling,
And their faculties controls:
O! how sweet with true contention
Thus to strive with one accord,
Which shall shew best his intention
To adore his blessed Lord.

Heaven on earth is then commenced,
Men with angels all unite;
And they find they're recompensed
While they serve him with delight.
Where they go, they prove a blessing,
Sons of peace, and friends to all;
Each the love of God possessing,
They shall stand and never fall.

Let us cultivate this spirit,
Which he counts so great a price;
That we may his mind inherit,
In his fulness still rejoice:

Then will life and death be equal,
While we feel his grace within;
This will be the happy sequel,
Caught above, no more to sin.

109.

UNBELIEF THE CAUSE OF DESERTION.

Isaiah liv. 7.

CONTRASTS are useful to display
The properties of things;
We miss the pleasant light of day,
When night the darkness brings.

Yet though they each successive change,
They both afford delight;
By day through nature we may range,
And find repose at night.

When God withholds his smiling face,
We then begin to mourn;
Till he again reveals his grace,
Then peace and joy return.

He seems to leave us for awhile,
Our faith and hope to prove;
Yet will again with mercy smile,
And manifest his love.

'Tis sin that thus beclouds the mind,
Makes him his face to hide;
And, when to penitence inclin'd,
He draws the veil aside.

Though oft his goodness we abuse,
He still remains the same;
How can we longer then refuse
To give our hearts to him?

Oh! let us not his Spirit grieve,
And cause him to depart;
But still by faith and love receive
And keep him in our heart.

110.

THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE.

Now, O my soul, confess
The power of saving grace,
Christ, the Lamb of God, procur'd
When he died on Calvary,
And those agonies endur'd,
Which were only due to thee!

Expos'd to death and hell,
And torments none can tell!
Songs of praise to him are due;
Let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Grateful thanks for ever shew,
Which alone to him belong.

Now the Saviour reigns above,
Seated on a throne of love,
Still exerts his heavenly power
To the subjects of his grace,
Keeps them in the darkest hour,
Shews to them his smiling face.

His hand is always near,
To dissipate our fear;
And his promises our stay,
While as pilgrims here we roam,
And when time is past away,
He will safe convey us home.

111.

A SERIOUS ENQUIRY.

"What doest thou here, Elijah?"—1 Kings xix. 13.

A QUESTION this of magnitude—
What doest thou here, declare?
Is it to gain, and to do good?
Is this thy proper sphere?

Do I important duties shun,
To gratify my will?
Do I from God's appointments run,
Or his commands fulfil?

Do I from him direction seek,
And place him in my view?
And serve him still from week to week,
In all I say or do?

Is it my sole concern and joy,
With active care and zeal,
My time and talents to employ,
Promoting others' weal?

Where'er I am, whatever sphere
I'm call'd to occupy,
Is it my one grand business here,
My God to glorify?

Then ev'ry passing hour shall bring
Some tribute to his praise;
And thankful, I'll adore my King,
For his assisting grace.

112.

SELF-DECEPTION.

"*Be not deceived; God is not mocked.*"—Gal. vi. 7.

Oh! awful state of mind,
So dark'ned and deprav'd!
So dead to God, to self so blind,
As not to know I'm sav'd!

Conscience must be asleep!
Its office not perform;
Satan and sin possession keep—
Affections are lukewarm.

Alive to worldly things,
Above I seldom look;
And love has lost its eagles'-wings,
And faith the heart forsook.

When to his house I go
To wait upon the Lord,
My thoughts are running to and fro
In all the earth abroad.

No profit I obtain!
No pleasure can I find!
O tell me how I may attain
An active state of mind!

I'll use the means of grace;
Still seek the Lord by prayer;
Nor faint, amid the heavenly race,
But run, and persevere.

Then shall I reap, at last,
The rich reward of grace;
And now—and when this life is past,
Jesus shall have the praise.

113.

GOD IS A REFUGE FOR US.

Psalm lxii. 8.

My God! and may I lay a claim,
To what these words impart?
If thou art mine, nor wealth, nor fame,
Shall alienate my heart.

In thee, ten thousand worlds are lost;
The universe is thine!
Who then can ever count the cost
Of riches so divine?

Without thyself I should be poor,
If all things I possess'd;
Possessing thee, I want no more,
I am completely bless'd.

Beneath the shelter of thy wings
I may securely hide;
Nor fear destruction, though it flings
Its darts on ev'ry side.

Should all the world against me rise,
My confidence to shock,
My God, from heaven, will hear my cries,
And set me on a rock:

There I in safety may repose,
(Although a feeble worm,)
And, while the tempest round me blows,
Can smile amid the storm.

114.

THE PROFIT AND PLEASURE OF SEEKING THE LORD EARLY.

Once more the Sabbath-day returns,
The sun shines from above;
Once more my heart with rapture burns,
To have a feast of love.

To go—where from their beds renew'd
By sleep's refreshing power,
A few attend the house of God
At the appointed hour.

O, how delightful is the place
Where friends together meet!
Early to seek their Saviour's face,
And worship at his feet!

This will prepare the mind to hear
God's word throughout the day;
Blessings descend by means of prayer,
And darkness flies away.

Faith, hope, and love, with sweet accord
Their blended influence shed;
Faith credits the divine record,
And hope on Christ is staid.

Love takes possession of the heart,
While we engage in prayer;
It bids all earthly joys depart,
And reigns supremely there.

115.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE PURE IN HEART.

Matthew v. 8.

'Tis not external forms will please
The God of truth alone;
'Tis not that on our bended knees
We bow before his throne:

'Tis not our walking circumspect
Our piety to show;
'Tis not because we ne'er neglect
Compassion to bestow:

Nor, like the Pharisees of old
Who made the outside clean,
And pray'd that others might behold,
And yet indulg'd in sin.

We may do this, and yet within
Impurity remain;
The evil of besetting sin
Still in the heart may reign.

That man alone is truly bless'd
Whose inmost soul is pure;
Where'er he is, he cannot rest
Till pardon is made sure.

Then shall he see his God with joy,
And dwell before his face!
And all his heavenly powers employ,
To shout victorious grace.

116.

HEAVENLY FELICITY ANTICIPATED.

WHILE looking above with a joyful emotion,
We spurn this dull earth, and its pleasures forego;
And can we again love this world of commotion?
We cannot, we will not—ah! never, O, no!

For Jesus is gone there, our gracious Forerunner,
And angels before him continually bow;
Old Time, speed thy flight then, and bring us the sooner,
That we may ne'er leave him—ah! never, O, no!

There with our dear friends, late believers in Jesus,
Our bright crowns of glory before him we'll throw,
(While Satan and sinners no longer shall tease us)
No more to part from them—ah! never, O, no!

There, in those pure regions, nor sorrow, nor crying,
Nor sickness, nor death, we for ever shall know!
While the river of life fresh bliss is supplying,
We never shall thirst more—ah! never, O, no!

There, led by the Lamb, to clear flowing fountains,
No more to be tempted, and troubled below;
While the conquests obtain'd, for ever recounting,
Our joys will ne'er wither—ah! never, O, no!

Then come, my companions in great tribulations,
Now strangers and pilgrims, sojourning below,
Behold, in yon heavens, your bright habitations,
We never shall leave them—ah! never, O, no!

117.

CONDESCENSION A PROOF OF LOVE.

John xiii. 5.

WHAT proofs of love the Saviour gave,
While he remain'd below!
The greatest was, he came to save
Our souls from sin and woe.

For this he left his shining throne,
And angels' harps and songs;
Assum'd our flesh--bone of our bone,
Thus to redress our wrongs.

He stood amidst the awful breach,
Justice to satisfy;
Poor he became, to make us rich—
For us he deign'd to die.

What love and condescension sweet
Through all his actions ran!
His suff'ring life was all replete
With benefits to man.

Can we then look with haughty eyes
On fellow worms below?
Whom Jesus loves can we despise,
And no compassion show?

Has his example lost its force?
Will not his kindness move?
Ours are but streams, from him the source,
The fountain of all love.

Dear Jesus! influenc'd by thee,
As subjects of thy grace,
By acts of love and sympathy,
Thy footsteps we would trace.

118.

ANTICIPATION OF FUTURE GLORY.

HAPPY souls to Christ united,
In a union strong and sweet!
In his ways you walk delighted,
With his saints you love to meet;
Blessed foretaste—
Of the bliss above complete.

Where, with ecstasy and wonder,
Millions meet around the throne;
Sin no more shall rend asunder
Hearts inseparably one!
But for ever—
Shall their tide of love flow on.

Now we long for future glory—
Full salvation we would know;
Where we may repeat the story
Of our travels here below,
And unceasing—
Our Redeemer's praises show.

How transporting the employment
Thus our triumphs to record!
And the ever-fresh enjoyment
We received from the Lord,
While his Spirit—
Did his gracious aid afford.

Now, no more by Satan tempted;
Now, no more by sinners griev'd;
And from every cross exempted,
We the conquest have achiev'd,
Crown'd with glory—
To eternal bliss receiv'd.

119.

PERSEVERANCE IN THE FACE OF DANGER.

Exodus xiv.

When Israel went at God's command,
To settle in the promis'd land,
Alarming terror fill'd each mind,
The sea before—their foes behind!

Temptation now their hearts assail'd,
And hopes and fears by turns prevail'd;
What shall we do? Where take our flight?
On every side death seem'd in sight.

Shall we to Egypt back return,
And there our disobedience mourn;
And unto Pharaoh slaves remain,
And wear our galling yoke again?

Or shall we onwards press our way,
And force our passage through the sea,
Until its waves, with dreadful roar,
O'erwhelm, and cast us on the shore?

At last, their rising fears were quell'd,
And unbelief was forc'd to yield;
Encourag'd by divine command,
Now Moses takes his rod in hand.

He smites the sea—the waves divide,
And stand like walls on either side;
Joyful they travel through the road
Made by the wonder-working rod.

Then, while in duty's path we tread,
We need not death, nor dangers dread;
Protected by Almighty power,
Boldly we'll meet the trying hour.

Increase our faith, inflame our love,
While through this wilderness we rove;
Until our happy souls arise
To blissful Canaan in the skies.

120.

THE SOUL'S SICKNESS, AND CHRIST THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

When pains our mortal frame invade,
How anxious for a cure?
We court the sun, or seek the shade,
A respite to procure.

Physician's skill is tried in vain,
His efforts fruitless prove;
The malady will still remain,
Till God the cause remove.

But when th' immortal mind's diseas'd,
We trifle with our state!
Nor seek from sin to be releas'd,
Till 'tis, alas! too late.

Deprav'd, and blinded by the fall,
The soul is sick within;
And all the while we dream we're whole,
Although quite dead in sin.

Is there no balm to suit my case,
And heal my sickness quite?
Jesus, the true Physician is,
His skill is infinite.

His mercy is so rich and free,
He bids us all receive
Advice and med'cine without fee,
That healthful we may live.

121.

THE PROMISES OF GOD HIS PEOPLE'S SECURITY.

Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

WHAT is so glorious to behold
As the bright sun above our head,
When his meridian beams unfold,
And all around creation spread?

Jehovah is a brighter sun,
Whose radiant glory ne'er declines!
In heaven, he sheds refulgent noon—
Below, with milder lustre shines.

He's promis'd on his people's path
To shed abroad his heavenly light;
While they on him still fix their faith,
And in his service take delight.

If potent enemies they meet,
His shield around them he will spread;
And from each snare he'll guide their feet,
And from all danger guard their head.

Grace he'll vouchsafe them while they live,
To cheer them in this vale below;
All needful good his hands will give,
And glory after death bestow.

122.

THE EVIL AND DANGER OF DEPARTING FROM CHRIST.

John vi. 66.

Who can leave so kind a Saviour?
Who can turn their backs on him?
O, how base is their behaviour
Who his kindness disesteem!

O! what stumbling-blocks to others,
Who his ways desire to tread,
When they see their elder brothers
Thus indiff'rent, cold, and dead!

And to Jesus how disgustful
Such an awful sight must seem,
When he sees his friends mistrustful,
And the world's vain things esteem!

Never let us basely leave him,
But still closer to him cleave;
For, we never can deceive him,
Though ourselves we may deceive.

If we are asham'd of Jesus,
All things else to him prefer,
After death's cold hand shall seize us,
He'll condemn us at the bar!

On his faithfulness relying,
On his word we would depend,
He'll be with us, living—dying,
And preserve us to the end.

123.

THE DISTINGUISHED PRIVILEGES OF THE JEWS.

Rom. ix. 4.

THRICE happy people, blest of God!
Peculiar favorites of heaven!
With whom he took up his abode,
To whom his special grace was given.

Adopted children whom he lov'd!
To them his covenant he made;
His glory in their midst, they prov'd,
To them his presence was display'd.

His law, a transcript of his mind,
To them exclusivly he gave;
Perfect and pure, it was design'd
From base idolatry to save.

His service daily to observe,
With reverence they were enjoin'd;
From which if they should ever swerve,
T'wards them he'd change his gracious mind.

His promises, of large extent,
Were still conditionally given;
To them Messiah should be sent,
Partaking both of earth and heaven.

But, O! how obstinate and blind
This highly favor'd people prov'd;
O, how rebellious and unkind
To Him, by whom they were belov'd!

Let us, who greater blessings share,
In this bright day of gospel grace,
By their example taught, beware
We do not suffer their disgrace.

124.

THE COMPLAINT.

Why is my heart so languid grown?
And why does prayer a burden prove?
Where are my former comforts flown?
My active faith—my ardent love?

How cold and lifeless I appear,
To what I was in seasons past!
When I was glad my friends to hear,
"Come, let us to his temple haste."

But now, I vain excuses frame
To keep me from the house of God!
Excuses which I dare not name,
Direct me in another road.

Depart! deluding world, depart!
No longer may thy specious wiles
O'ercome my unsuspecting heart,
Seduc'd by thy alluring smiles.

My God! if I may call thee mine,
Retake possession of my soul;
Drive out my enemies and thine,
And all my vain desires control.

Impress thy holy image there,
And guide my erring footsteps right;
Inspire afresh the love of prayer,
Infuse within thy heavenly light.

Then will my joy and love abound;
Then will my faith and hope increase;
And ev'ry grace be active found,
Till I am brought to endless bliss.

125.

ADVANTAGES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

What pleasure can exceed
To see the saints proceed,
And at the holy temple meet?
To come before the Lord,
And hear his holy word,
And mingle their devotions sweet!

Forgetting worldly care,
They lift their hearts in prayer
To the eternal King above;
And all implore his grace,
To run the heavenly race,
With joy, and hope, and active love.

While they their wants express
Before the throne of grace,
They feel the flame of pure desire;
Fill and expand their soul,
Touch'd with a living coal,
Enkindled by the Spirit's fire.

Thus waiting on our God,
We find our strength renew'd,
"Refresh'd like giants with new wine;"
With zeal and courage go
To meet each daring foe,
That may obstruct our course divine.

The two-edg'd sword we wield,
Defended by our shield,
The shield invincible of faith!
Accounting all things loss,
While looking to the cross,
We still maintain the narrow path.

Thus shall we grow in grace,
Till we our Father's face
With joy behold in realms of love;
And there with angels join
In worship more divine,
An endless Sabbath spend above.

126.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

PRAYER is the spirit's breath;
The saints exist by prayer;
It open's heaven—it conquers death,
And sweetens every care.

While we the throne assail,
With all our hearts on flame,
The good implor'd, God ne'er will fail
To grant in Jesus' name.

It puts our foes to flight;
It blunts the tempter's dart;
On our dark path it sheds a light,
And cheers our gloomy heart.

Our passions it controls,
And calms the troubled breast;
It fills with heavenly peace our souls,
And lulls our fears to rest.

By prayer our faith we prove:
By prayer our love we show:
The angels only *sing* above,
We *praise* and *pray* below.

Yet soon we hope to join
The happy spirits there!
And share with them their joys divine
Without the need of prayer.

127.

MARTHA AND MARY; OR, THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

When Mary sat at Jesus' feet,
To hear his conversation sweet,
Fix'd deep in contemplation;
Unmindful of each low concern,
Her only object was to learn
The way of true salvation.

How opposite was Martha's taste!
Who sought to entertain her guest;
And by each kind endeavor
Her Lord to serve, and thus to prove
Her anxious care, and ardent love,
For such an honor'd favor.

Then who is most to be preferr'd,
Mary, who with devotion heard
From him each wise expression;
The world, with all its cares forgot,
The *one thing needful* only sought,
To have in her possession?

Or Martha, who, with equal zeal,
Was waiting to perform his will,
And please her loving Saviour;
Thinking her sister was unkind,
Thus at his feet to be reclin'd,
Complain'd of her behaviour?

Jesus himself decides the case,
(Who never to our sinful race
In doing good was weary,)
"Martha, thou art too full of care,
Thy sister's chose the better share!"
Then let us act like Mary.

128.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Psalm x. 3.

FAIRER than all the human race
Bright Sun of glory shine!
Display the charms of holiness,
Thy purity divine.

The sun himself is but a beam
From thy immensity;
But, Oh! how lovely does *he* seem,
Who most resembles thee!

He sheds a lustre all around
The circle where he moves;
Blessings where'er he goes abound,
He ev'ry creature loves.

His heart is fix'd on heavenly things,
There his affections rise;
With pity he looks down on kings,
His treasure's in the skies.

Like Enoch, walking with his God,
Till ripe for future bliss;
He's rais'd to his sublime abode,
To dwell where Jesus is.

129.

THE PLEASURE OF RELIGION.

NIGHT is the time to sleep;
Its stillness suits repose;
While guardian angels watch and keep
Us safe from all our foes;
And, if prepar'd, when death shall come,
They will conduct us to our home.

Should we be kept awake,
We may employ the hours
In pleasant musings till day-break,
Till darkness, light o'erpowers;
Then rise, by balmy sleep renew'd,
And find our hearts are still with God.

And through the happy day,
While work our hands employs,
Our souls are still inclin'd to pray;
Religion never cloys;
But sweet we find it always prove,
Because we live a life of love.

130.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS VICTORIOUS.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

CHRISTIANS! let us all unite
In a cause so glorious;
In the face of danger fight,
Till we are victorious;
Faint—our enemies pursue,
Keeping still the prize in view.

True, our native strength is small,
And our efforts feeble;
Yet on Jesus, if we call,
He will make us able:
We shall conquer, though we die,
Life will end in victory!

Frequent to the throne of grace
We would oft assemble;
While we seek Jehovah's face,
All our foes will tremble;
Faith and prayer will win the day,
Make them quickly fly away.

Haste the time, the period come,
When, with saints in glory,
Safe arriv'd at heaven our home,
We cast our crowns before thee;
Ascribe the conquest we have won
To the Lamb upon the throne.

131.

BELIEVERS GOD'S PROPERTY.

1 Corinth. vi. 19, 20.

All that we are and have are thine,
Incarnate Deity!
At price immense—by blood divine,
We all were bought by thee.

By thee we were created first,
And in thy likeness form'd;
By nature we are all accurs'd,
And must be all transform'd.

By thee preserv'd from day to day,
Our body, spirit, soul;
And over all thou should'st bear sway,
And every power control.

But, O! who can withstand thy love,
So unreserv'd and free;
Which brought thee from the realms above,
To die for such as we!

Since then we're purchas'd at such price,
All praise to thee we'll give;
In thy salvation we'll rejoice,
And to thy glory live.

132.

JEHOVAH THE SUPPORT OF HIS CHURCH.

"*If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?*"—Psalm xi. 3.

Jesus is the foundation stone,
On which his church is built;
For he has purchas'd it alone,
For it his blood was spilt.

But what can feeble worms achieve,
Or how prevent its fall?
He'll strengthen those who still believe,
And for assistance call.

"Call upon me," Jehovah cries,
"When threat'ning ills appear,
"I'll quickly send you fresh supplies,
"And dissipate your fear."

Then who his cause can overthrow,
For he is Lord of all?
He soon can lay the lofty low,
And make the mighty fall.

Satan may seek in evil hour
The building to destroy;
'Tis guarded by Almighty power,
And watched by his eye.

His kingdom shall remain, and rise,
Its safety he'll secure;
Shall flourish here—then in the skies
Shall evermore endure.

133.

THE DEATH OF DEATH, BY THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

When mortal comforts are withdrawn,
And med'cines lose their healing power,
Where shall the anxious spirit turn
For succour in the dying hour?

What can arrest the parting breath?
Or what avert th' unerring dart?
Who can prevent the stroke of death,
And keep secure the vital part?

Beauty presents her charms in vain,
The grisly tyrant to allure;
He looks upon them with disdain,
And makes his blooming captive sure.

Science, in all its ample range,
Has not been able yet to show,
How mortals may avoid the change
By death, they here must undergo.

Wealth cannot bribe the subtile foe;
Honour presents his suit in vain;
He lays aspiring princes low—
He's deaf to music's melting strain.

Nor prayers, nor tears, nor sighs, can move,
And make his iron heart relent!
The power of friendship and of love
Cannot his deadly aim prevent.

Yet, there is *One* can blunt his sting,
And rescue from the tyrant's sway;
'Tis Jesus, our victorious King,
Who bore the spoils of death away!

He rose triumphant from the grave;
A pledge that we shall also rise;
For He alone has power to save,
And take his follow'rs to the skies.

134.

DIVINE ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

Child of God! lift up thine eyes
To the realms of endless rest;
Jesus, see! holds out the prize,
And invites thee to be blest:
He presents a glorious wreath,
An unfading heavenly crown;
Says—"Be faithful unto death,
"On my throne thou shalt sit down."

Still maintain the constant fight,
With thyself, the world, and sin;
Thou shalt put thy foes to flight,
And the battle thou shalt win.

Whilst thy Captain leads thee on,
Spreads his banner o'er thy head;
Vaunting, let them on thee frown,
In the dust thou shalt them tread.

Dangers may thy way infest,
And afflictions thee attend;
Closer cleave to Jesus' breast,
He'll protect thee to the end.
Faith and patience must be tried;
Hope and love, and every grace;
Needful help shall be supplied,
Till thou see him face to face.

There, in happiness complete,
Seated on a glorious throne,
Near the Saviour thou shalt sit;
Love divine thy harp shall tune!
And with all the ransom'd throng
Thou shalt worship and adore;
Sing the new transporting song—
"Praise the Lamb for evermore."

135.

ADOPTION.

ACCEPT, my gracious Lord,
A heart that would be thine;
Relying on thy word,
I would the world resign:

I would the world resign,
With all its specious good,
If I might call thee mine,
My Saviour, and my God!

My Saviour, and my God!
What bliss those words impart!
O, take up thine abode
For ever in my heart!

For ever in my heart!
Can'st thou this boon deny?
"From thee I ne'er will part,"
I hear thee thus reply.

I hear thee thus reply—
"I'll own thee for my son;
"On me thou may'st rely;
"I'll never thee disown:

"I'll never thee disown;
"My love shall firm endure,
"When time away is flown,
"It will remain secure:

"It will remain secure,
"With unabated flame,
"When time shall be no more,
"Eternally the same."

136.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

DEAREST Saviour! when I look
In thy faith-inspiring Book,
With astonishment I see
Thy amazing love to me!
Thou didst take a human form,
To redeem a sinful worm;
Thou didst leave thy Father's side,
And for wretched rebels died!

May thy love my heart constrain;
Love for love return again!
Sweet obedience yield to thee,
For thy grace so rich to me!
Keep thee still before mine eyes,
Worldly vanities despise;
For thy sake take up the cross,
Bear reproach, and suffer loss.

Let me in thy strength go on,
Fighting till the prize is won!
Looking to thee while I've breath,
Author!—Finisher! of faith!
Still on thee I would repose,
Till I've conquer'd all my foes;
Till I've run the christian race,
Then behold thee face to face.

137.

THE PROFIT AND PLEASURE OF SOCIAL PRAYER MEETINGS.

Preserv'd once more, we meet
Within this sacred place,
To mingle our devotions sweet
Before the throne of grace.

Releas'd from worldly cares,
We would to heaven aspire,
And offer our united prayers
With fervour of desire.

Nor would we e'er presume
To plead our worthless name,
But in the name of Jesus come,
The sin-atoning Lamb.

His promis'd presence crave
While we with one accord
With pleasure prove, he's here to save,
Our ever-present Lord.

138.

THE TRUE VINE.

Jesus, the true and living Vine,
Gives vigour to the shoots;
We live in him by power divine,
Derived from the roots.

By vital union to our Head,
We all things can perform;
On fiery serpents we may tread,
Or face the raging storm.

Weak in ourselves, yet strong in Him,
By faith we stand secure;
Nor fire can burn, nor waves o'erwhelm,
Our anchor-hold is sure.

No longer than we still derive
From Him all-quick'ning grace,
Shall we to full-grown men arrive,
In perfect righteousness.

If his bright image on the soul
The Spirit has impress'd,
Though marr'd by sin—we're then made whole;
Of life divine possess'd.

Thus shall we in his likeness shine,
From sin and earth made free;
Till we are caught above to join
The saints eternally.

139.

THE BELIEVER'S PRIVILEGE.

Son of eternity!
Claim thy affinity
To angels above;
And look up with wonder,
While skies cleave asunder;
Yet not with loud thunder,
But heavenly love!

Then come, blessed Jesus,
And quickly release us,
And Satan destroy;
That we may inherit
The fruits of thy Spirit,
And, sav'd by thy merit,
Thy fulness enjoy.

In this land of mourners
We all are sojourners,
As pilgrims we roam;
A meetness acquiring,
To heaven aspiring,
And hoping—desiring,
To see our blest home.

Yet still we oft shiver,
To pass Jordan's river,
Before we come there;
But our Interceder,
Our state will consider,
And be our kind leader,
And strengthen and cheer.

Then, when brought to heaven,
A crown will be given,
The purchase of grace;
All dangers surmounting,
Nought else will be wanting,
While ever we're chaunting
Immanuel's praise.

140.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNIVERSE, AND THE CONSUMMATION OF ALL THINGS.

At eventide to walk abroad,
And view the vast expanse,
Where planets in their starry road
Perform their mystic dance:

What power unseen these pond'rous orbs
Keeps in their proper sphere;
The thought profound, the mind absorbs,
And fills the soul with fear.

And must this fabric be destroy'd?
Stars from their orbets hurl'd?
A fiery deluge through the void
Burn up each shining world!

The sun himself, in glory dress'd,
Though of stupendous size,
A mighty angel shall arrest,
And pluck him from the skies.

The universe be swept away,
By the tremendous storm;
Nor moon by night, nor sun by day,
Their courses shall perform.

Yet, still with pleasure and surprise,
The saints of God shall see,
A glorious new creation rise,
From sin and sorrow free.

There shall they dwell in perfect peace,
The Saviour to adore;
And near him sit, and see his face,
And part from him no more.

141.

THIS IS NOT OUR PLACE OF REST.

Dark and mysterious are the ways
Of Providence divine!
Who can explore the secret maze,
Or fathom his design?

Apparent evil works for good,
And seeming good is ill;
For both are in the hand of God,
Subservient to his will.

Bright day succeeds a gloomy morn,
And sunshine follows rain;
And ev'ry rose has got its thorn,
And pleasure follows pain.

This life is but a chequer'd scene,
To changes ever prone;
Riches take wing, and fly away,
And honour flies as soon.

Then why expect felicity,
On such precarious gound?
Where ev'ry object says, "*In me*
No real good is found."

The soul of man was ne'er design'd
For the base things of earth,
But for enjoyments more refin'd,
And suited to his birth.

Thus rays emitted from the sun,
Still seek his orb of flame;
Thus rivers to the ocean run
From whence at first they came:

So souls of origin divine
Pant for the blest abode,
Where they in endless bliss shall shine,
In likeness of their God.

142.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

2 Cor. xiii. 5.

Oh! may I search and try the ground
Of my deceitful heart,
To see what evils may be found,
That I from them may part.

May keen compunction for the past,
A true abhorrence of my sin,
Take place within my soul, and last
Till grace has made my conscience clean.

Henceforth, let there no guile remain,
To cover with a specious veil,
The least contracted guilty stain,
Nor Satan over me prevail.

Quick, as the apple of an eye,
May I th' approach of sin detect;
From all temptation quickly fly,
And its alluring baits reject.

Nor satisfied, unless I feel
And know my crimes are all forgiven;
And on my heart is stamp'd the seal,
The mind of Christ, the pledge of heaven.

Then, O my God! the search begin,
And my heart's hidden depths explore;
Do thou my best affections win,
That I may go and sin no more.

143.

SOCIAL PRAYER, &c. ON SABBATH-DAY MORNING.

FIRST PART.

WHAT a delightful cheering sight
To meet where christians praise and pray!
Rais'd from the dangers of the night
To see another Sabbath-day.

With importunity to pour
Our hearts out at a throne of grace;
Early to seek and to implore
The smiles of our Redeemer's face.

The world shut out, and Christ within
The inmost chamber of the heart;
Freed from the reigning power of sin,
We bid all earthly joys depart.

And looking with intense desire
For light and love, and power divine,
To fan afresh the languid fire,
And see his glories round us shine.

O, these are pleasures more refin'd
Than what a fading world can give!
This is the sunshine of the mind,
The happy life that christians live:

Where heart meets heart in union sweet,
A foretaste of the bliss above;
Our highest expectations meet
In the same point of mutual love.

SECOND PART.

What blessings may we not expect
While we the heavenly kingdom storm?
How much their int'rest they neglect
Who to the present world conform?

Here we obtain a fresh supply
Of faith and hope for future days:
Here, at the spring that's never dry,
We drink large draughts of heavenly grace.

Replenish'd thus by God's own word,
When mix'd with faith while we attend;
Waiting with joy upon the Lord,
We find salvation in the end.

144.

THE ADVANTAGE OF ATTENDING THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Eccles. v. 1.

See! my soul, the mansion yonder,
Sacred dwelling of thy God!
Rush not rashly—pause and ponder,
Ere thou enter his abode.

Keep thy foot with circumspection;
Search thy bosom through and through,
And with solemn retrospection,
Bring thy hidden sins to view.

Duties thou hast oft omitted,
(Plain and positive commands);
Actual crimes thou hast committed,
By thy head, thy heart, thy hands.

Then before him, with contrition,
Humbly all thy sins deplore;
He will answer thy petition,
Say—"Rise up and sin no more!"

Thus by true sincere confession,
Prostrate at the throne of grace,
By the Saviour's intercession,
He will shew his smiling face.

Leave thy vow before the altar,
Ratified by precious blood;
Persevere, and never falter,
Never leave thy gracious God.

On him wait without distraction,
Banish from thee worldly cares;
Profit and sweet satisfaction,
Will reward thy fervent prayers.

Strength divine and animation,
Waiting on him thou wilt prove;
And, at last, crown'd with salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

145.

MORNING HYMN.

Rais'd from my night's repose,
I hail the rising day;
With gratitude my heart o'erflows,
And I begin to pray.

Lord, since thou'st been my shield
And guardian through the night,
May I with kind obedience yield,
And serve thee with delight.

Where'er my footsteps go,
What company I meet;
On me thy watchful care bestow,
And guide my erring feet.

Live as beneath thine eye,
Thy glory keep in view;
From ev'ry object I descry,
Let benefit accrue.

May the salubrious air
Restore my languid powers;
Thy presence makes the fields more fair,
Thy breath perfumes the flowers.

E'en from the barren rock
A lesson I may learn;
I may augment my mental stock,
And some grand truth discern.

Christ is the living Rock!
His church is built upon;
In vain all hell attempts to shock,
Or pull the fabric down.

If on the stately trees
My wond'ring eyes I cast,
My mind in contemplation sees
In earth their roots are fast.

So christians stand secure,
And spread their branches wide,
Grounded in Truth, they will endure
The stormy wind and tide.

If o'er the flowery vale
My cheerful footsteps stray;
The healthful zephyr I inhale,
Warm'd by the vital ray.

And thus with strength renew'd
My soul enraptur'd sings;
I feel the energy of God,
And do not envy kings.

146.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SWEET HOME.

While through this world of care and strife,
With anxious steps we roam,
How sweet to look beyond the grave,
And know we're going Home!
Where safe within our Father's House,
With joy we shall abide,
And all our woes, and all our foes,
For ever shall subside.

Home! sweet Home!
Oh, for that heavenly House above,
Our everlasting Home!

There, with the family and friends
Of Jesus, late below,
We shall surround the glorious throne,
His matchless praise to show;
And while, with holy ecstasy,
Each other we excel,
The burden of our song will be—
"He hath done all things well."

Home! sweet Home!
Oh, for that heavenly House above,
Our everlasting Home!

How transient and unpleasant
Our stay below the skies!
Where every day and every hour,
Fresh troubles will arise;
Which make us quite impatient here
To quit this house of clay,
And take our flight, with dove-like wings,
To realms of cloudless day.
Home! sweet Home!
Oh, for that heavenly House above,
Our everlasting Home!

For this is not our place of rest,
There is no remaining here;
While absent from our Father's House,
We shed the briny tear!
And longing with intense desire,
Our freedom to obtain,
We chide the lagging wheels of time,
That we the prize may gain.
Home! sweet Home!
Oh, for that heavenly House above,
Our everlasting Home!

When plac'd on our Redeemer's throne,
We wear a starry crown,
And on our pilgrimage below,
With wonder we look down!
Surpris'd at what a distance once
From him we liv'd estrang'd,
But now transported we rejoice
To find our lot is chang'd.
Home! sweet Home!
We're *now* brought to our Father's House,
And never more shall roam.

147.

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"*The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings.*"—Mal iv. 2.

LIGHT of the universe! bright Sun of glory!
Rise on the heathen benighted, and shine;
Disperse all the clouds and darkness before thee,
Diffuse all around thy splendour divine.

Life of the world! and death's potent destruction,
Breathe once again on the valley of bones;
Soon all the dead will be put into motion,
And hearts become soft, though harder than stones.

See! Lucifer falling, son of the morning!
Demons to caverns of darkness retire;
They cannot endure the "spirit of burning"—
They cannot withstand Omnipotent ire.

Now is the ensign of mercy displaying—
Now is the banner of Jesus unfurl'd;
And thousands of souls this moment are praying,
His kingdom may spread all over the world.

Bright sun of righteousness, clad in thy glory!
Rise on the nations benighted, and shine;
Disperse all the clouds and darkness before thee—
Diffuse all around thy splendour divine.

148.

THE HEATHEN INVITED TO ACCEPT OF SALVATION.

"*Yet there is room.*"—Luke xiv. 22.

Ye servants of Jesus, be valiant, and bold,
Throughout the wide world your message unfold;
Proclaim the glad-tidings wherever you come,
And say to the perishing heathen—there's room.

There's room in the kingdom, the Jews have refused;—
There's room in the favor of God they abus'd;—
There's room in the mansions of glory above;—
There's room in the bosom of infinite Love.

O! come ye, who hunger and thirst for true bliss,
Behold here a feast and a fountain of grace!
Come, drink of this water, no more you'll be dry;
Come, eat of this bread, and you never will die.

Here's ample provision of dainties prepar'd;
To which you are welcome, your God has declar'd!
O! come, and partake of these bounties of heaven,
To Heathens—poor Heathens, the blessings are given!

Believe in the Saviour who offer'd his blood,
A sweet-smelling savour accepted of God;
Who died on the cross, a lost world to redeem;
O! come, and be sav'd by believing in Him.

Then let us be grateful for what we enjoy!
Our tongues in the praises of Jesus employ;
For such divine blessings as Britons we boast,
More favor'd than Heathens, we'll love him the most.

149.

GOOD NEWS TO THE HEATHEN.

GLAD Tidings! Glad Tidings! Messiah is come,
Prepare in the desert Immanuel room;
The mountains of sin, and the vallies of woe,
The seats of dumb idols, his Godhead shall know.

Good news to the Heathen flies over the plains;
The captives exulting are freed from their chains;
The demons of darkness before him retreat,
And Satan himself is forc'd from his seat.

The standard of Truth to all is display'd,
And vile Superstition flies back to his shade;
The Light is returning from whence it arose,
And finally none shall its progress oppose.

Say not in your hearts, The time is not yet,
That God should his ancient prediction forget;
The period's arriv'd which long was foretold,
"The ends of the earth their God shall behold."

Ye Britons! the claims of humanity prize!
Oh! hear with compassion the poor Suttee's cries!
And, ye who the blessings of liberty boast,
O! fly to the rescue of Heathens thus lost.

150.

CHRISTIANS EXCITED TO EXERTION IN BEHALF OF THE HEATHEN.

WHO will venture to embark
Noah-like into the ark?
And, like him a world to save,
Death and danger boldly brave?

You'll a greater blessing bear,
Than he had beneath his care;
You're commissioned from above
To convey a freight of love.

You've a treasure to bestow
On a world immers'd in woe;
Gospel of the blessed God
On benighted lands bestow'd.

Ye who bear the christian name,
May your hearts be all on flame,
To dispense to lost mankind,
God's free Gift for all design'd.

That success may crown your toil,
Pray for Heaven's benignant smile;
Never let the Saviour rest,
Till the heathen he has blest.

He has promised to defend,
And be with you to the end;
Then you shall with pleasure see,
He has gain'd the victory.

151.

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

Eph. v. 8.

Darkness the earth had overspread,
And error fill'd the mind!
And all the world to God were dead,
In chains of death confin'd.

Philosophers of Greece and Rome,
Poets and statesmen too,
Were all involv'd in deepest gloom,
For none their Maker knew.

An unknown Deity ador'd,
In ignorance and doubt;
In vain they search'd to find the Lord,
They could not find him out.

Soon as the Light of life appear'd,
The banner was unfurl'd;
And the bright Gospel-gates unbarr'd
To save a ruin'd world!

That those who in the shades of night
And were in bondage held,
Should walk as children of the light,
By love divine impell'd.

Oh! that the heathen world might see
The light so freely given;
And from their idol-temples flee
To serve the God of heaven.

152.

THE STANDARD SET UP.

Isaiah xlix.

Behold! exalted high,
The Cross on Calvary's top!
Ye nations to it fly,
For there is all your hope:
Lo! preachers now proclaim
Salvation is complete;
All that now come in Jesus' name
Will hearty welcome meet.

Then, sinners, lift your eyes
To this all-glorious sight;
In this great sacrifice
Place your supreme delight:

By faith look up, and live
A life before unknown;
A life divine you shall receive
From God's incarnate Son.

No more to idols bow,
They cannot help afford;
Your Maker worship now,
The universal Lord:
Though from your eyes conceal'd,
The earth his power displays;
Yet in his Word he is reveal'd
Alone, the God of Grace.

153.

THE BANNER ELEVATED.

Isaiah xiii.

The *bloody* banner view,
On Calvary's mount unfurl'd!
Come, every nation, clime, and hue,
Come, see it, all the world.

Come, to the ensign come,
And join your conq'ring Lord;
Satan, the tyrant's dreadful doom,
Is left on true record.

Arm'd by the Spirit's might,
His num'rous hosts assail;
Soon shall you put your foes to flight,
And finally prevail.

See! India's sable sons
Lift up their dying eyes,
And all their idol-gods renounce,
With their absurdities.

Propitious period, dawn!
When all the earth shall see,
From rising and from setting sun,
The Cross on Calvary.

154.

SUCCESS OF THE MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

Isaiah liii. 10.

The long predicted time appears;
The true Messiah's come;
Hark! a glad voice the desert cheers—
"Prepare the Saviour room!"

He shall prolong his happy days,
His kingdom ne'er decrease,
Till all enjoy the Gospel-rays,
And day and night shall cease.

Till the good pleasure of the Lord
Shall prosper in his hand;
And be by ev'ry clime ador'd,
The God of ev'ry land.

He shall behold a num'rous train
To whom he's given birth,
Descend, like fruitful showers of rain,
Upon the thirsty earth.

The dreary desert soon shall bloom,
And blossom like the rose;
His heavenly light shall cheer the gloom,
And vanquish all his foes.

Where superstition held his court,
And kept his slaves in awe,
Ambassadors of God resort,
And teach his holy law.

Now to the moles and bats they fling
Their idol-gods away;
Own the Messiah as their king,
And yield to his mild sway.

155.

THE DAY-SPRING.

Luke i. 78.

The Day-spring from on high,
Has illumin'd the sky,
The types and the shadows are flown!
For Messiah is come,
Has dispersed the gloom,
And full on our hemisphere shone.

Oh! how long was the night;
Oh! how sad was the plight,
In which the whole world was involv'd;
Until Jesus appear'd,
And the universe cheer'd,
To die for mankind he resolv'd.

By no force he's compell'd,
While his Godhead he veil'd,
As the sun emits his bright rays
With ineffable love,
He flew from above,
A world from its ruins to raise.

As the sun shines on all,
Both the great and the small,
And blesses the rich and the poor;
So his love's not confin'd
To a part of mankind,
He opens to all a wide door.

True salvation he gives
To each one that believes,
And all without money or price;
O, that each might embrace
The rich offer of grace,
That the angels above may rejoice.

156.

THE CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

"*Come over and help us.*"—Acts xvi. 9.

Hark! I hear the heathen cry,
Come and help us ere we die;
Now across the ocean's bound,
Let us hear the Gospel-sound.

Here we lie in bonds confin'd,
Double fetters, flesh and mind;
Come then, ye who freedom know,
Break our bonds and let us go.

We believe there is a God,
Every where diffus'd abroad;
We believe his mighty aid
By the worlds which he has made.

We have search'd but cannot find
The great Father of mankind;
Ye who now his goodness prove,
Tell us where's this God of love.

Of one Book we are possess'd,
Where his mighty power's impress'd;
But the Volume you explore
Tells a thousand wonders more.

Come, unfold th' amazing plan,
How a Saviour died for man;
What the nature of that faith
Which will save us through his death.

Come and help us, we beseech;
Place the blessing in our reach;
Tell us, for we fain would know,
How we may escape from woe.

Come relieve us, we implore,
From the chains we long have bore;
O! we long to be set free,
And enjoy true liberty.

Come and help us, though our dye
Is offensive to your eye;
We've a soul, as well as you,
Precious in our Maker's view.

Come and help us, not with gold;
But to us the way unfold
How we may true bliss ensure,
That will evermore endure.

Then our thankful tongues shall raise
To the Saviour songs of praise;
Who has stoop'd from heaven above,
Sent to us his dying love.

157.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL IN THE CONVERSION OF HEATHENS.

O Lord! how wondrous was thy grace
To Israel, once thy chosen race;
For them what miracles were wrought
When from Egyptian bondage brought.

And wonders now are still display'd
By thy all-powerful Gospel's aid;
Where'er its heavenly influence comes,
A wilderness an Eden blooms.

A savage's obdurate soul
Submits to its divine control;
A bondage worse than Egypt's yoke
Is by its power asunder broke.

Hail! happy period, long foretold,
When Jesus shall enlarge his fold!
And heathen nations, dark and rude,
Shall by his grace be all subdu'd.

158.

SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL DESIRABLE.

Mighty God! thou friend of heathens,
Let thy kingdom spread around;
Now attend the blessed heralds
Who the gospel trumpet sound.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

See how wide's the reign of Satan!
Prince of darkness here presides!
Let thy truth make greater progress,
Let it make more rapid strides.
Hallelujah, &c.

God of universal nature!
Claim the nations as thy own;
Break the bonds of every creature,
Over all erect thy throne.
Hallelujah, &c.

By thy providence which governs
All the worlds which thou hast made;
By thy Son's most bloody passion,
Now the realms of sin invade.
Hallelujah, &c.

By his death and resurrection
May they now enjoy the light;
By his wonderful ascension,
When he put our foes to flight.
Hallelujah, &c.

By his gracious intercession,
Now before the throne above,
May all flesh see thy Salvation,
And be happy in thy love.
Hallelujah, &c.

159.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE REDEEMER.

Lo! a glorious light appearing,
In the land where darkness dwelt;
From the Saviour's cross uprearing,
Where dire slav'ry chains were felt;
Smiling freedom
Comes to rescue heathen slaves.

Satan long had held dominion;
Long enslav'd the human mind!
Mercy flew on morning's pinion
Swifter than the viewless wind,
With the Gospel,
To proclaim their glad release.

Now they hear the blissful message
Sounding through the thickest gloom!
As a sure and certain presage
That the Jubilee is come,
When the heathen
With the christian shall be free.

When the Saviour, in his splendour,
Shall his sapphire throne ascend,
Saved millions then shall render
Thanks and praises without end:
Happy prospect!
Now, Lord! let thy kingdom come.

160.

THE CONQUEST OF IMMANUEL.

He comes! He comes! the Victor comes!
Ye mountains fall, ye waves subside;
Jesus his royal state resumes,
High seated by his Father's side.

Millions of angels that surround
The glorious throne of the most High,
Before him bend with awe profound,
Ready at his command to fly!

Through all the earth, with eager speed,
They bear his mandates on their wings;
While demons to their dens proceed,
Before the mighty King of kings.

See! how the idol-temples shake,
Astonish'd at the host of heaven!
Satan himself begins to quake,
Backward to his abode is driven.

Long had he held in servile chains
His num'rous captives here below;
But Jesus now his power restrains,
And soon his kingdom will o'erthrow.

Ride on! ride on, victorious King,
Till all the nations kiss the Son;
And all the universe shall sing
The triumphs our Immanuel's won.

161.

SIGNS OF THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

WHAT signs appear to show
The coming of our Lord?
When all the earth shall bow
To his victorious word?
When climes unknown
Shall own his sway,
And throw away
Their Gods of stone?

Behold! the time is come,
When heathen lands rejoice!
Behold! the deserts bloom
A second Paradise!
And Satan's yoke,
They long had borne,
Is from them torn,
By Jesus broke.

The late uncultur'd land
Is like a fruitful field!
Its blossoms now expand,
And fragrant odours yield!

Darkness is driven
To its own night,
And cheerful light
Descends from heaven.

The Gospel is proclaim'd;
The joyful sound is heard;
And idol-gods disclaim'd;
The living God preferr'd!
And songs of joy
From heathen tongues,
Each vale prolongs,
And hills reply.

And shall poor heathens share
The blessings we neglect?
Then shall not we beware,
Lest God should us reject?
At his dread bar,
Where all must come
To meet their doom,
And sentence hear!

162.

LIFE AND DEATH OF JESUS, THE FOUNDATION OF HOPE.

Dear Jesus, when thy life I trace,
The path is fill'd with acts of grace!
Sickness and pain before thee flee,
The grave yields up its prey to thee.

The blind restor'd to sight again;
The deaf to music's cheerful strain;
The dumb their tongues in praise employ,
The lame exulting leap for joy.

Yet still thy greatest act was shown
When utt'ring thy expiring groan!
For, with that agonizing throe,
To man ten thousand blessings flow!

At that delightful—dreadful hour,
Both death and hell confess'd thy power!
And, when the fatal dart was hurl'd,
A peace was sign'd with all the world.

Oh! blissful hour—transporting thought!
Thy blood my happy freedom bought!
Thy life, my rule—thy death, my plea,
"Jesus has liv'd and died for me."

163.

THE WORTH OF THE SOUL COMPARED WITH THE CREATION.

Behold yon shining orbs!
And count them if you can;
The thought the mind absorbs,
What are all these to *man?*
"His soul outweighs them all,"
Because it never dies!
They from their lofty spheres shall fall,
And vacant leave the skies.

But man's immortal mind
Will soar through endless space;
Nor will it rest till God it find
The source of all its bliss:
For it the Saviour left
His Father's glorious throne,
To expiate its dreadful guilt,
And for its sins atone.

Then what are all yon skies,
Or this inferior clod?
They cannot pay the price,
A ransom to our God!
For, if the soul be lost,
'Twill suffer pain extreme!
None can be found to pay the cost,
His brother to redeem!

But Jesus undertook
To save our ruin'd race,
When he his bliss forsook,
And took the sinners' place.
And did the Saviour bleed,
And suffer so much pain?
And does he now still intercede?
And shall it be in vain?

O, base ingratitude!
O, awful unbelief!
Thus to requite our God,
And put him still to grief.
Exert thy quick'ning grace,
And save us from this hour,
That we may magnify and praise
Thy name for evermore.

164.

THE WAY OF SALVATION NOT DISCOVERABLE BY THE WORKS OF THE CREATION.

Were we to take our flight
To the remotest star,
Yet there, at distance from our sight,
God is removed far!

Still he's in every place,
Yet to no place confin'd!
He fills immeasurable space,
Yet him we cannot find!

The impress of his feet
We ev'ry where may trace;
The world with wonders is replete,
Yet he conceals his face.

The heavens above rehearse
The glory of his Name,
And spread through all the universe
Their mighty Maker's fame.

But they can never teach
How man may be forgiven;
Redemption is above the reach—
Of the material heaven!

His Word alone displays
The only way to God;
'Tis through the riches of his grace
By faith in Jesu's blood.

O, then reveal to me
This way to endless bliss!
That I to all eternity
May see him as he is.

165.

THE CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

Ye christians, tender hearted,
Who know the worth of souls,
Let light be now imparted
To both the distant poles:

Let mercy like a river
From your rich fountain flow;
You have been the receiver,
Be then the giver too.

O, bury not the blessing
Intrusted to your care!
The pleasure of possessing,
Let heathens with you share:
"Our souls like your's are precious,
"O, hearken to our cry!
"Come over and refresh us
"With springs that never dry.

"O, let us taste the sweetness
"Which flows from pard'ning love!
"That we may have a meetness,
"For purer joys above;
"Then freed from sin and sadness,
"Away our gods we'll fling,
"And with exulting gladness
"Adore th' eternal King."

166.

A CALL ON BRITONS TO SEND THE GOSPEL TO THE HEATHEN.

The triumphs of the cross we sing,
Of our divine Immanuel;
May all the earth confess him King—
May ev'ry tongue his wonders tell.

Wide let the glorious tidings flow,
Salvation to a ruin'd world;
May every human creature know
The blood-stain'd banner is unfurl'd.

Millions of Heathens still remain
In darkness that may well be felt!
Plung'd in the depths of woe and sin,
And still unconscious of their guilt!

Britons! indulg'd with Gospel light,
How can you sit beneath its sound,
Nor think on these poor sons of night,
In more than iron fetters bound?

As stewards of the grace of God,
How awful your account will be,
If you neglect to spread abroad
The blessings you enjoy so free!

O! send the happy Heralds forth,
The glorious message to proclaim;
From east to west, from south to north,
Till all confess the Saviour's name.

167.

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

Hark! across the distant shores,
Where the dreadful tempest roars;
Where the God of nature speaks,
While his voice in thunder breaks:

Sounds of peace salute the ear,
And the dreary desert cheer;
Darkness now begins to flee,
Dawns the day of Jubilee!

See! the messengers of God,
Publishing to all abroad
The stupendous, wond'rous plan,
Gospel-news to sinful man.

While the message they repeat,
Moloch trembles on his seat!
Juggernaut, the Hindoo's god,
On his throne begins to nod.

See the heralds now advance,
Brandishing the shining lance!
While they wield the sacred sword,
Satan flies before the word.

Dauntless still your course pursue,
Till Barbarian, Turk, and Jew—
Till each nation, people, tongue,
To the Gospel-standard throng.

Perseveringly proceed,
Though the cause like mustard-seed,
Scarcely seen by human eyes,
Shall like stately cedars rise:

Till the branches shall extend
To the world's remotest end!
Fill the spacious earth around
Till the blessing all have found.

168.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

John i. 9.

Behold the Lamb of God!
What wonders in him meet,
When he displays his charms abroad,
From off the mercy seat.

He in his Word is seen,
Of grace and truth possess'd;
'Tis he that bears away our sin,
And makes us truly bless'd

Come, sinners, view this sight!
Behold the spotless Lamb!
Earth cannot give you such delight,
Its honor—riches—fame.

Behold yon worlds on high!
Not all their shining forms
Can one immortal spirit buy,
Or ransom sinful worms.

Then think what price was paid
When he died in your stead!
And all your num'rous sins were laid
On his devoted head!

No longer then neglect
The offers of his grace;
Come, *now*, lest God should you reject,
And drive you from his face!

If you should him despise,
And slight the blood he spilt,
There is no other sacrifice
To take away your guilt.

169.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD UNIVERSAL.

The temple of old once contain'd
The presence and glory of God;
The people at large were restrain'd
From ent'ring the holy abode:
The priest was permitted alone
To enter the sanctified place,
With blood for their sins to atone,
To give them from guilt a release.

Now that dispensation is past,
"A shadow of good things to come,
And Jesus the substance at last"
Has made for the universe room:
There's room in his temple below,
Capacious, and wide as the earth,
Where he will his blessings bestow
To aliens and strangers by birth.

Now prayer and praise may ascend
From all and from every place;
And Jesus himself will attend
To bless them with tokens of grace:
O! then may his ministers preach
Glad tidings to perishing men,
And Heathens exhort and beseech
To look to the *Lamb* that was slain.

170.

A CALL TO BRITAIN FROM THE POOR HEATHEN.

Deut. xxxiii. 29.

BRITAIN! highly favor'd nation,
Once of idols the abode;
Now the land of rich salvation,
Where is worshipp'd the true God.

Can you, while you are possessing
Such a treasure 'bove all price,
From poor Heathens keep the blessing?
Shut your ears against their cries?

Where is now your ancient spirit?
Where are fled the love and zeal,
Your forefathers did inherit,
When they sought the public weal?

On the wings of sweet compassion,
Fly, to rescue Heathens lost;
Fly, to give them that salvation,
Which yourselves has nothing cost.

Purchas'd by the gracious Saviour,
By his tears, his groans, his blood!
The inestimable favor,
Freely on the world bestow'd.

Angels, with exulting gladness,
Fly with eager haste to bring
Tidings to the sons of sadness—
News from heaven's eternal King.

Go! unfurl the Gospel banner,
In a land of deepest woe;
Copy the Apostles' manner,
Preach the Word where'er you go.

In the vallies—on the mountains—
Or where Ganges' waters roll—
Or beside the crystal fountains,
Where there is a human soul.

There, the precious truth unfolding,
Point them to the Lamb of God;
While, by faith, they're Him beholding,
He will save them by his blood.

171.

INCREASED EXERTIONS NECESSARY TO PROPAGATE THE GOSPEL.

Most gracious God! to thee we raise
A song of gratitude and praise,
For all the blessings from above,
Since we commenc'd this work of love.

Favor'd by thy benignant smile,
Success has crown'd our arduous toil;
And oft, when obstacles appear'd,
Thy promises our spirits cheer'd.

Yet still the land to be possess'd
Extends through all the east, and west,
And, but a little part remains
In which the Truth acceptance gains.

Ye Britons! mov'd by holy zeal,
Compassion for the Heathen feel;
Since Gospel-light has shone on you,
Impart to them the blessing too.

Ye who the Saviour long have known,
Now supplicate his gracious throne,
That his salvation may extend
To our vast globe's remotest end.

Then, when the reaping time is come,
And the large harvest's gather'd home,
You shall with them in realms above
For ever sing Immanuel's love.

172.

REDEMPTION.

Psalm xlix. 8.

REDEMPTION! O transporting sound!
To captives in their chains!
The joyful news re-echoes round,
And cheers the gloomy plains.

Groaning beneath their heavy yoke,
Aw'd by a tyrant's power,
Some friendly hand their fetters broke
In an auspicious hour.

Thus mortals, the vile slaves of sin,
Are held in Satan's thrall;
Unconscious of the state they're in,
Occasion'd by the fall:

Till by the Gospel's heavenly light,
Their awful state they see,
And the dark realms of endless night,
Which must their portion be.

Had not the mighty Prince of peace
Quick to their rescue fled,
And paid the price for their release,
By dying in their stead.

Redemption, so divine as this,
Demands our highest strains!
To be where our Redeemer is,
For ever where he reigns.

173.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS TO SEND THE GOSPEL TO HEATHENS.

Shall science spread her ample stores,
While man the universe explores,
And views all nature's face?
To this poor world his thoughts confine,
Nor notice takes of Heaven's design,
To save his ruin'd race?

The body's welfare he consults,
From things of time his bliss results,
He never looks above,
Where heavenly glories court his gaze,
And angels bask beneath the blaze
Of beatific love.

Are not poor Heathens worth a thought,
How they from darkness may be brought,
And share with us our joy?
O, spread the glorious news around,
That they may hear the Gospel-sound,
And their dumb gods destroy.

While we receive their pearls and gold,
May we Salvation's plan unfold,
And in return impart
Riches divine, and bliss immense,
Superior to the joys of sense—
A treasure for the heart.

Then, O! ye heralds of our isle,
Go forth! and make the desert smile,
And tame the savage brood:
Go! sound abroad the Saviour's name,
Till every land beholds the Lamb,
And all brought home to God!

174.

TRUTH SHALL FINALLY PREVAIL.

When truth commenced its race,
It made but little way;
But now it fills a wider space,
And bears a greater sway.

Yet sin its power maintains,
An undiminish'd force;
And still ascendency obtains
In its extensive course.

Yet grace still more abounds—
And Truth must still increase;
Till ev'ry distant land resounds
With news of Gospel-grace.

Let not your zeal abate,
Renew your active powers;
Drive the usurper from his seat,
And victory shall be yours.

His throne must be destroy'd;
Its fall has been decreed;
The simplest means that are employ'd
Shall finally succeed.

175.

CONSUMMATION OF THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

Zach. iv. 7.

GREAT Zerubbabel appear!
Bear thy universal sway!
Let each mountain disappear
That obstructs thy wid'ning way.

Num'rous still thy foes are found,
Vainly they their prowess boast;
They shall quickly lick the ground,
Humbled by the Lord of Hosts.

Soon his Temple shall arise,
Large as earth's capacious ball!
Canopied by all the skies,
And Messiah reign o'er all.

Beauteous Fabric, built by God,
Lovely in its Maker's sight;
Who can make a human clod
Shine as precious sapphire bright.

Rough from nature's quarry brought,
Polish'd by the Spirit's hands,
Though before 'twas good for nought,
Now a heavenly mansion stands.

Monument of saving grace—
Temple for the Lord alone,
When upon the edifice
He shall bring the crowning-stone.

Then the universe shall ring
With the anthem of acclaim,
"Grace! free Grace! to it" shall sing—
"Hallelujah to the Lamb."

176.

"IT IS DONE."

Rev. xvi. 17.

"It is done"—delightful sound!
Hark! it spreads the earth around!
Nations most remote and near
Shall the happy sentence hear.

"It is done"—now peace is sign'd!
Reconcil'd are all mankind;
War and discord now no more
Glut themselves with human gore.

Superstition, dark as night,
Yields to the refulgent light,
Shining forth in truth and grace
From the Sun of Righteousness.

See! the "*City*" now descend!
In which nothing shall offend;
Where the saints shall dwell secure,
War and tumult be no more.

Sun and moon, and stars, are gone;
And the Lamb upon the throne
Sheds a lustre more divine,
Light, that never will decline.

Happy period; long foretold,
See the golden gates unfold!
To the temple see them throng,
Every people, nation, tongue.

Hark! the hallelujahs pour,
All along the sapphire floor,
"Him that sitteth on the throne
"Reigns 'OMNIPOTENT' alone."

Wheels of time! more swifty roll!
Fly, the Truth from pole to pole;
Till the Turk—Barbarian—Jew,
All believe the Gospel true.

177.

IMPORTANCE OF IMPLORING THE DIVINE PROTECTION.

FROM across the mighty ocean
Cries of woe accost my ear!
Where dumb idols gain promotion
In the realms of dark despair.

Fly, ye Heralds of salvation,
With the news to heathen lands;
Point to Calvary's elevation,
Where the Saviour spreads his hands.

There unfold your great commission,
Preach glad tidings to the bound;
Oh! how blissful their condition
Who have this salvation found!

Groans will then be chang'd for praises,
Sighs for songs of liberty,
While his eye each captive raises
To the Saviour on the tree.

Let our hearty prayers attend them,
While they're sailing on the deep,
That th' Almighty may defend them,
And from every danger keep.

178.

THE BLESSING OF HEAVEN ALONE CAN SECURE SUCCESS.

Great God! if thou refuse to bless,
In vain our efforts prove;
From thee alone must come success,
Our help is from above.

Forth in thy name we would proceed,
And face each daring foe;
Assur'd our labours will succeed,
If in thy strength we go.

Though great the work, and weak the means,
By prayer we shall prevail;
Thy grace is stronger than our sins—
Thy promise cannot fail.

O then, our faith and hope increase;
Our languid love inflame!
Let heathens learn thy righteousness,
All nations know thy name.

Then shall we all together join
In thy good cause below;
And, in the realms of bliss divine,
Our grateful praises show.

179.

THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY IN THE CONVERSON OF HEATHENS.

HAIL! blissful day, by seers foretold,
When Christ shall reign below;
When all his church shall be one fold,
And conquer'd every foe.

His kingdom spread through all the earth,
His saints be gather'd in;
Thousands enjoy the second birth—
A life divine begin.

The seed which had so long been sown
In heathen lands shall rise,
A people for the Lord alone,
And precious in his eyes.

Water'd by heaven's celestial dews,
His power they will display;
The wilderness will then produce
A nation in a day.

Their idol-gods will he confound,
Satan shall be dethron'd;
Immanuel's praises shall resound,
And he their Lord be own'd.

O! then ye Britons, who enjoy
The blessings of his grace,
Your strongest energies employ,
To save the Heathen race.

180.

OUR FALL AND RECOVERY.

HARK! what groan is that I hear
Sounding through creation's sphere?
Sealing up the voice of praise,
Filling all things with amaze!

Man has sinn'd—the earth resounds!
Now the awful curse abounds!
Man, the fav'rite of heaven,
Now from Paradise is driven!

Of the smiles of God bereft,
In a world of sorrow left!
And to cut off his return,
See! the dreadful vengeance burn.

Plac'd the sacred tree to guard,
Cherubim, and flaming sword!
Adam! whither wilt thou run,
Thy incensed God to shun?

Man has sinn'd, and, what is worse,
Has entail'd on all the curse!
All his sons are born in sin,
All unholy and unclean.

Yet a promise was reveal'd,
Though in darkness long conceal'd;
That the woman's future seed
Should destroy the serpent's head.

Hail! auspicious period, hail!
When to our benighted vale,
Jesus, the Messiah came,
And endur'd the curse and shame!

Sinners, now lift up your eyes
To this only sacrifice;
And by virtue of his blood
Now be reconcil'd to God.

181.

THE INCARNATION OF JESUS.

The world lay in slumber,
Envelop'd in night,
The clouds burst asunder,
Disclosing a sight
Amazing to mortals,
The scene to behold,
While heaven's high portals
Began to unfold.

The bright sons of glory
Descending to earth,
Repeating the story
Of Jesus's birth,
With ecstasy burning,
To shepherds appear'd,
Ere the gates of the morning
The light had unbarr'd.

"In the town of David
A Saviour is born,"
That men may be saved,
Though lost and forlorn;
What long was concealed,
God now has fulfill'd,
Since now is revealed
The wonderful child!

Behold! in a manger
The Infant is laid;
Is serv'd as a stranger,
Though all things he made;
Who came to deliver
Our lost ruin'd race;
All praise to the *Giver*
Of mercy and grace!

182.

CRUCIFIXION.

"*The veil was rent in twain.*"—Matt. xxvii. 51.

WHAT is this the nations feel,
Makes the sacred Temple reel?
What is this amazing sight
Hides the sun's meridian light?

Lo! expiring on yon tree,
God's own Son for you and me!
Well might nature fetch a groan;
Well might darkness shroud the sun.

Shook with a convulsive dread;
See! the graves emit their dead;
Quicken'd into life again,
When the Son of God was slain!

Now is rent the Temple's veil,
Man with God may now prevail;
See! the types and shadows flee,
At this sight on Calvary.

Now the separating wall,
To the *holiest of all*
Is remov'd—and, free access
Open'd to the throne of grace.

Now the veil's asunder rent,
To denote the kind intent,
God had in his gracious mind,
To recover lost mankind.

See! upon the mercy-seat,
Christ, the Saviour, sits complete!
Come, thou contrite sinner, come!
In his loving heart there's room.

183.

THE COVENANT.

Lo! in the clouds the *Bow* appears,
Sweet emblem of celestial peace!
The glorious sight my spirit cheers,
And fills my soul with heavenly bliss.

'Tis ting'd with crimson, to denote
How deeply-dy'd my heart remains!
The blood of Christ alone can blot
For ever out the guilty stain.

His death has pacified my God,
And made atonement for my sin;
Now reconcil'd by precious blood,
He has hung out yon mystic sign.

On terms of peace and concord now
I may approach the throne of grace;
There make and ratify my vow,
His cause I never will disgrace.

O! how unchangeable thy love,
Dear Saviour, to the sons of men!
That *bow*—yon *skies*, shall all remove—
But thou for ever wilt remain!

184.

THE HUMILITY OF CHRIST.

When day begins to dawn,
How pleasant to the sight
The dew-bespangled lawn,
Reflecting solar light!
When morn her golden gates unbars,
And night retires with all the stars.

The sun begins to climb
To his meridian throne;
In majesty sublime,
His brighter beams are shown;
And while around his splendours shine,
We own his Maker is divine.

But what is yonder sun,
And this fair scene of things,
Compar'd with the bright throne,
Where sits the King of kings,
Array'd in robes of heavenly light,
Too powerful for an angel's sight?

Yet did this glorious Sun
His brighter beams conceal,
And left his Father's throne,
His mercy to reveal;
He laid his heavenly state aside,
And for a world of rebels died.

O! what stupendous grace,
When he forsook the sky
To suffer this disgrace,
For rebels doom'd to die!
He came to shed his precious blood,
And reconcile our race to God.

The brightest Gem of heaven
Was sullied and debas'd,
That we might be forgiven,
And to a throne be rais'd;
That we might shine in realms above,
And ever sing redeeming love.

185.

THE AMAZING LOVE OF CHRIST.

WELL might the angels wonder
At the stupendous plan,
When heaven burst asunder
To rescue fallen man!
To save us from destruction,
The Saviour joyful came,
To be our substitution,
And bear our curse and shame.

With tenderest compassion,
His precious blood he spilt;
Cut off for our transgression,
To expiate our guilt:
O! then what bliss awaits us
In realms of peace above;
To which he will translate us,
To share his heavenly love.

Then let us not dissemble,
But all our sins confess;
And in his presence tremble,
That we've abus'd his grace:
Acknowledging our coldness,
Our hearts as hard as stone;
And then with humble boldness
Approach his gracious throne.

O! may our faith in Jesus
Remove our rising fears;
That he will soon release us,
And wipe away our tears;
And take us up to heaven,
His glory to behold,
To each will then be given
A harp of shining gold.

When rais'd to thrones of glory,
Our sweet employ will be,
To tell the wondrous story
Of our great victory;
Our Captain went before us,
To guard us on the way;
And this will swell the chorus
Throughout eternal day.

186.

LOVE OF CHRIST INCOMPARABLE.

WHAT greater love could be display'd
Than that which dwelt in Jesu's breast?
When he aside his glory laid,
And in a human form was dress'd!

What sympathy a mother feels
To the sweet infant in her arms!
What loveliness each smile reveals,
She sees in him a thousand charms!

When he's in pain she suffers too,
And feels a pang for every smart;
Sigh answers sigh, her tears will flow,
Her life is bound up with his heart.

But His was love beyond compare,
Who died for sinners such as we!
In all our griefs he took a share,
And bore th' extreme of misery!

When justice rais'd his vengeful rod,
To strike the sinful rebels dead,
He stept between us and our God—
The vengeance fell upon his head!

His heaven—his all—his life he gave,
And freely yielded up his breath;
The vilest of the vile to save
From merited—eternal death.

By this amazing love constrain'd,
Our souls would now accept his grace;
That in the glory he's obtain'd
We each may find some humble place.

187.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST AND ST. PAUL COMPARED.

Romans ix. 1—3.

What love and affection sincere
Fill'd the breast of Apostle the first!
For sake of his kindred so dear,
To wish that himself were accurs'd.

By grace from the Saviour constrain'd,
Who met him, and changed his mind,
Throughout his whole life he maintain'd
A zeal the most ardent and kind.

But, O! how surpassing and strange,
The love that Immanuel felt!
That death the most dire could not change,
Who died on the cross for our guilt!

And not for his nation alone—
He suffer'd for all our lost race;
That he for all sin might atone,
That all might partake of his grace.

This lays the foundation for hope,
The Lord's no respecter of souls:
So wide and so boundless the scope,
It reaches as far as the poles.

Partitions and barriers remov'd,
Restricting the blessing to few;
By him all mankind were belov'd,
The Gentile as well as the Jew.

Apostles were order'd to preach
Glad tidings to *all*—yet begin
At the place where he died, and beseech
His *own* might be saved from sin.

Then grant, my Redeemer, that I
May share in the fruit of thy death;
To me this salvation apply
Before I resign up my breath.

188.

THE WORD OF SALVATION.

Acts xii. 16.

To all the saving word is sent,
Believe it, sinners, and repent;
For all are dead without its power,
And would remain so evermore.

In vain you look the world around,
This is the only method found;
If you your helplessness deplore,
Behold! the Saviour's at the door.

You need not search far off to find;
The word is near you, in your mind:
You've heard, and conscience bears her part
As a swift witness in your heart.

How can you then its power withstand,
And disobey your Lord's command?
Who now takes pity on your soul,
And asks you—"Will you *now* be whole?"

Come, sinners, in this Gospel-day,
The time admits of no delay;
O, then receive the blessing sent,
Before the day of grace is spent.

189.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

Heb. iv. 16.

How can we stand before the view
Of God's omniscient sight?
Whose searching eyes can pierce us through,
And bring our sins to light.

Yet still he bids us to approach
Before the throne of grace;
Nor will he think that we encroach,
While thus we seek his face.

There is a way, and only one,
In which we can draw near,
'Tis through the Saviour's Name alone,
A name to sinners dear.

Faith, in his name, our fear removes,
And hope inspires our breast;
Assur'd that the Redeemer loves
To make his people blest.

Three thrones our heavenly Monarch hath
Of Glory—Justice—Grace;
The last we may approach by faith,
And there our sins confess.

That we forgiveness may obtain
For our transgressions past;
And strength for future trials gain,
And then be sav'd at last.

190.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

Loud let the trumpet sound
The triumphs of the cross;
Let all the nations round
Conspire to aid the cause:
The cause of truth,
Of truth divine,
Let age and youth
Together join.

Our Captain has maintain'd
The long-contested fight;
And now a victory gain'd,
And put our foes to flight:
Flew to our aid,
And set us free,
And captive led
Captivity.

March on, victorious Lord!
And all the world subdue;
Unsheath thy mighty sword,
And still thy foes pursue:
Till from his throne
Proud Satan fall,
And thou alone
Reign Lord of all.

Ye lagging wheels of time,
The happy period bring,
When, on his throne sublime,
We shall behold our King;
And victory sound,
Till all the plains
Of heaven resound,
Immanuel reigns.

191.

THE ZEAL OF DAVID AND CHRIST COMPARED.

What ardent zeal possess'd
This holy man of old,
That he would take no rest
Until he should behold
A sacred place,
Where Israel's God
Might shed abroad
His special grace.

But God is not confin'd
To temples made with hands;
The church he has design'd
Through all the earth expands;

The heavens above
Cannot contain,
With their vast train,
The God of love.

He left the realms of light,
And Gabriel's lofty strain,
Because his chief delight
Was with the sons of men;
And came below
A church to raise,
In which his grace
He might bestow.

Then what amazing zeal
Inspir'd the Son of God!
Who came from heaven to seal
Our pardon with his blood!
Silence profound
Seiz'd every lute,
And all were mute
The throne around.

Angels look'd down to see,
With infinite surprise,
This wondrous mystery,
That he should leave the skies—
Make this his rest—
Our flesh assume—
Die in our room,
To make us blest.

But now they all rejoice;
With praises heaven resounds;
Now sinners hear the voice
That in the Gospel sounds;
And are restor'd
By grace divine,
With them to shine,
And see their Lord.

192.

THE ARK OF SAFETY.

Soon as the new creation rose,
And God pronounc'd it good,
Sin enter'd with its train of woes,
And all the earth o'erflow'd!

Then Noah rais'd his warning cry,
Against the wicked world;
That dreadful vengeance from the sky,
Should on their heads be hurl'd.

Yet still they treat his word with scorn,
And at his message spurn;
And now, when preachers sinners warn,
They meet the same return.

But judgment will not slumber long,
Behold the flaming sword!
'Twill then be safe to be among
The servants of the Lord.

An *Ark* of safety is prepar'd,
In which they may reside;
While God himself will be their guide
While floating on the tide.

As water once with whelming power,
Did once the earth deface,
A fiery deluge will devour
The whole apostate race!

Yet, from the ruins of the old,
The saints with joyful eyes,
A new creation shall behold
Above these lower skies.

There, with the Saviour whom they love,
From sins and sorrows free,
They full felicity shall prove
To all eternity.

193.

FORGIVENESS.

Forgiveness! what a pleasing strain
To one comdemn'd to die!
Oh! how it thrills through ev'ry vein,
The soul itself can scarce sustain
Th' unutterable joy!

How dark the prospect was before!
An unknown world in sight!
The Judge already at the door!
While conscience swell'd the mighty score
Of sins as black as night!

But, ere the awful sentence's past,
(Oh! what transporting bliss!)
A Mediator comes at last,
And, ere the guilty rebel's cast,
He signs his glad release!

Such was my case—a rebel too,
By justice doom'd to death!
Behold! to my astonish'd view,
To rescue me the Saviour flew,
And yielded up his breath!

Then let me dedicate my all
To him who died for me;
With thankfulness before him fall,
While I am on this earthly ball,
And then eternally.

194.

OBEDIENCE AN EVIDENCE OF LOVE.

OBEDIENCE is the test of love,
The proof of faith sincere;
And God our labours will approve,
If we his laws revere.

It is of all the graces chief,
An offspring of the sky;
'Twas this that flew to our relief,
When Jesus came to die.

It is the loadstone of the soul
By which we're drawn above,
To Christ, who is the heavenly pole,
The centre of our love.

By this constrain'd, with strong desire
His pleasure we pursue;
Zeal burns afresh with holy fire
In all we speak or do.

Troubles seem sweet, afflictions light,
When it prevails within;
We take our cross up with delight,
And mortify each sin.

We follow Jesus where he goes,
The world's reproach we bear,
Nor dread the malice of our foes,
Love sweetens every care.

By this we most resemble those
Who dwell where Jesus is,
Where love a boundless ocean flows
Of never-failing bliss.

195.

THE ATTRACTION OF THE CROSS.

John xii. 32, 33.

See! where the Saviour hangs,
High on th' accursed tree!
Enduring ignominious pangs
For sinners such as we.

And has this wondrous sight
No power our souls to move,
And fix them with intense delight
On his amazing love?

Have we no feelings left,
No sympathy within,
For Him who took away our guilt,
By suff'ring for our sin?

O! may thy bloody cross,
Dear Lord, attract my heart;
May I esteem all things as dross,
Than with thee I should part.

May all that I possess,
My body, spirit, soul,
Be consecrated to thy grace!
To thee belongs the whole.

Salvation so complete
Demands an angel's tongue!
In heaven above we will repeat
The everlasting song:

"To him who shed his blood
"Upon mount Calvary,
"And made us kings and priests to God,
"Eternal praises be."

196.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

ORIGINAL death was produc'd
By eating the fruit of a tree;
And spiritual life's introduc'd
By Jesus, for you and for me.

For he is the heavenly fruit
That hung on the cross for our sake;
The love of the Father's the root,
And we of its virtue partake.

By faith in this remedy given,
Immortal our life will become;
On earth be prepared for heaven,
Transplanted for ever to bloom.

The serpent of brass on a pole,
Of Christ was a typical sign,
Who died on the cross for each soul,
To satisfy Justice divine.

Then look to the Saviour alone,
No sacrifice else is complete,
Sufficient for sin to atone,
And make us for happiness meet.

197.

THE REDEEMER'S VOICE TO SINNERS.

Rev. iii. 20.

BEHOLD! my soul, what wondrous love!
What condescension's here display'd!
That Christ should leave his throne above,
A suitor for our hearts be made.

How long has he been wooing there?
How long been knocking to get in?
That he might our affections share,
That he might save our souls from sin.

Yet still the world has kept its hold,
And sensual objects rul'd and reign'd;
Satan each day has grown more bold,
His captives we are still detain'd.

And shall the Saviour still implore
Admission in the sinner's heart?
Shall unbelief keep fast the door
Till he is forced to depart?

How can you thus insult his grace?
And trample on his precious blood?
How can you hope to see his face,
Or e'er enjoy the smiles of God?

Now is the time—the Gospel-day,
When you salvation may secure;
O, let not Jesus longer stay,
But open to him *now* the door!

He'll enter in, with all his train
Of blessings, to enrich your soul;
His saving grace you shall obtain,
Long as eternal ages roll.

198.

INVITATION TO SINNERS.

Isaiah i. 18.

When God invites vile sinful worms
To come before his face,
And in the most alluring forms
Argues with them the case:

Who his remonstrance can withstand?
Or turn away his ear?
When he might with a word command
Their souls to black despair!

"Come, let us reason," saith the Lord,
(With pity in his eyes,)
"I will my cleansing power afford,
"And change your deepest dyes:

"Your sins shall be like mountain-snow,
"Though now like scarlet stains;
"On whom my influence I bestow,
"No filthy spot remains.

"And, though as crimson they appear,
"As wool they shall be pure;
"Then come, polluted sinners, near,
"Receive a perfect cure."

199.

THE SAME.

COME, ye sinners, Christ invites you
To approach your gracious Lord;
Let his lovely charms excite you
Still to listen to his word;
He'll receive you—
And will present help afford.

Take his yoke, and daily wear it,
It will light and pleasant prove;
Take his cross, and while you bear it,
It will yield you peace and love:
Follow Jesus—
And he'll lead you safe above.

Through this world of sin and dangers,
While you urge your way with speed,
You'll be treated still as strangers:
You will often suffer need:
Still be faithful—
Nothing shall your steps impede.

His good Spirit shall attend you
All your dreary journey through;
And from ev'ry ill defend you,
Till the heavenly land you view:
And his promise—
You shall find for ever true.

Let not faith and hope forsake you,
Though the road is rough to tread;
Still to Him by prayer betake you;
He from harm shall guard your head:
Till beneath you—
All your enemies you tread.

When your pilgrimage is ended,
And your fiery trials o'er;
You, by angel-bands attended,
Shall be brought to Canaan's shore,
And for ever—
Your great Captain shall adore.

200.

THE BELIEVER THE SUBJECT OF SINFUL INFIRMITIES.

The christian's troubles are his own,
And to the slaves of sin unknown;
That which creates his greatest grief
Is a vile heart of unbelief.

The world presents its specious snares;
The things of time augment his cares;
And flesh and Satan both unite,
To interrupt his pure delight.

Both doubts and darkness reign within,
And all he does is mix'd with sin;
His hope declines—his fears prevail,
That he at last of heaven should fail.

As he turns o'er the sacred leaves
Of God's own Book, he there perceives
That holy men of old complain'd,
That the same evils in them reign'd.

Thus is his soul in bondage brought,
Lest his profession come to nought;
And often feels a holy shame,
Lest he disgrace the christian name.

But when he casts his tearful eye
To Jesus on mount Calvary,
His dying hope again revives,
And faith a stronger power derives.

Constrain'd by such amazing love,
He fain his gratitude would prove;
Fresh courage takes, and perseveres,
Till perfect he in heaven appears.

201.

THE DUTY OF BEARING THE CROSS.

Matthew xvi. 24.

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour cries,
And follow none but me;
Who wears my yoke—himself denies,
Shall well rewarded be."

Were our whole lives one scene of woe,
'Twould not remove our guilt!
What are our sorrows here below
To what Immanuel felt?

His soul was overwhelm'd within,
When he atonement made!
Not for himself—(he knew no sin,)
He suffer'd in our stead.

Can we refuse to bear his cross?
His easy yoke decline?
What base ingratitude in us,
For favors so divine!

Dear Jesus! mould our hearts afresh,
From sin now set us free;
From stone convert them into flesh,
And we will follow thee.

202.

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Thy Word is Truth."—John xvii. 17.

The stars, and this terestial ball,
Proclaim a God that made them all;
But in his Word alone we find
He has reveal'd his heavenly mind.

In this amazing Book we see
The origin of misery!
Man's awful Fall, whence death ensu'd,
And final loss of all that's good.

"Thy word is Truth"—for it displays,
The first discovery of grace!
When Jesus came, by seers foretold,
To bring us back to his own fold.

The way of peace is here reveal'd,
And here our maladies are heal'd,
By virtue of atoning blood,
By which we're reconcil'd to God.

This Word discovers to our eyes,
The glorious mansions in the skies,
Prepar'd for all that love the Lord,
As their eternal, great reward.

203.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD IN THE DISPENSATION OF HIS FAVORS DEFENDED.

FIRST PART.

The ancient Jews once made their boast
Of all God's people chief;
Though now, alas! their birth-right's lost
By wilful unbelief.

Because descended from a sire,
Who was the friend of God,
They thought their rights would ne'er expire,
Nor be extinct their blood.

Yet did his Word remain the same,
Unbroken ev'ry jot:
I AM, is till his glorious Name!
Jehovah changeth not!

All are not Jews, though they proceed
From Abraham their sire;
For God from stones could raise a seed,
If such he should require.

To them alone who had the faith
That faithful Abraham had,
To them alone, Jehovah, saith
His promises were made.

Though he saw fit in Jacob's line,
Messiah should proceed;
Salvation he would not confine
Alone to Jacob's seed.

SECOND PART.

Can hatred dwell while perfect love
Reigns in the Great Supreme?
What mortal then can ever prove
"That fury is in him?"

"Mercy I'll have on whom I will,"
Says the eternal God!
Yet, by his laws he's govern'd still
Of truth and rectitude.

"Is there unrighteousness with Him,"
Dare we presume to say,
For manifesting his esteem
In his own sovereign way?

Yet, not as tyrants, he exerts
His mighty power to save,
In forcing men's untoward hearts
His blessings to receive.

But by persuasions strong, yet mild,
The first apostles show'd,
How sinners might be reconcil'd
To their offended God.

Yet those, who like the stubborn Jews,
The gracious plan reject,
He then will leave them, and refuse
To make them his elect.

'Tis *faith* in him that's requisite
The blessing to secure;
While *unbelief* he will requite
With condemnation sure.

"On whom he will, he'll mercy have,
And his compassion shew,"
On Gentiles who his grace receive,
Rejected by the Jew.

All praise is due to Christ alone,
Through Him we merit Heaven!
To him who did for sin atone
Be endless glory given.

204.

THE ACCOUNT BALANCED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

HERE, my soul, draw up the sum,
And review thy actions past;
Lo! another year is come,
How hast thou improv'd the last?

Hast thou sought thy neighbour's good—
Freely all thy foes forgiven;
Fill'd the hungry poor with food,
Raiment to the naked given?

Hast thou sooth'd the widow's moan,
And her falling tears suppress'd;
Made the fatherless thy own,
And the needy's wants redress'd?

Hast thou glorified thy God,
Practis'd all he has enjoin'd;
In his holy precepts trod
With sincerity of mind?

Hast thou hated every sin,
Ne'er indulg'd a carnal thought;
Thy affections pure within,
Fix'd alone on what they ought?

Hast thou been quite free from pride,
And each covetous desire;
All thy passions mortified
That were centring in the mire?

Hast thou lov'd the Saviour more,
And his great salvation priz'd;
Always sought the Spirit's power,
Nor his gracious aid despis'd?

No, alas! I must confess,
I've not done my Maker's will;
Faulty is my righteousness,
I am ever prone to ill!

Guilty, guilty, Lord, I lie
Prostrate at thy holy feet!
But on Jesus cast thine eye,
He has paid the mighty debt.

While his sin-atoning blood
Pleads before the throne of grace,
Let me hear thee, O my God!
Say—"Rise up and go in peace."

Cheer'd by this divine reply,
I'll surrender all to thee;
And while years and seasons fly,
Live to him who died for me.

205.

FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Rejoice, ye nations of the earth,
And celebrate the Saviour's birth,
The King of glory here!
Ye vallies, lift aloft your heads,
Spring to the light, ye gloomy shades,
Be banish'd dark despair.

He comes! he comes! transporting news;
With blessings in his train profuse;
Our drowsy powers awake!
Immanuel's come! soul-cheering sound!
Tremble, ye gates of hell, profound,
And to the centre shake!

May we to Bethlehem now repair,
To see the infant Jesus there,
The Saviour of mankind;
Directed by yon heavenly star;
Faith will not deem the journey far,
The lovely Babe to find.

Nor gold, nor costly purple's seen;
His cradle is a manger mean
That holds the King of kings!
Immanuel comes to dwell with you,
But not as earthly monarchs do,
With royal shining things.

"Go, humble shepherds," Gabriel cries,
"To Bethlehem, where the Infant lies,
"And see his lowly throne;
"A stable there the God contains,
"Who all yon shining worlds sustains,
"And claims them for his own."

Th' Archangel spake—and straight around
The heavenly host, with lofty sound,
Begin the joyful song:
"Glory to God who reigns above!
"To men on earth, good will and love!"—
Thus sang the blissful throng.

Ten thousand times, ten thousand tongues,
At once in rapture join their songs,
And strike the golden lyre;
While his dear Name, with one accord,
Sounds sweet from every silver chord,
His Name the notes inspire.

Shall angels chaunt their heavenly lays,
And sinful men withhold their praise,
For this amazing grace?
Those holy beings he past by,
But took our flesh—for us to die,
To save our ruin'd race!

To their acclaim we would reply,
"Glory to God who reigns on high,
"And pitied us forlorn;"
And, while we sing our Maker's love,
May Heaven repeat it from above,
"To you a Saviour's born!"

206.

THE SAME.

Oh! had we Gabriel's tongue
To shew our ardent love,
We would the theme prolong,
With heavenly hosts above;
With loud acclaim
Pour forth the lay,
And hail the day
Immanuel came.

In darkness most profound,
Satan his sway maintain'd!
In iron fetters bound,
His captives we remain'd;
With wonder see!
The Saviour comes,
Our flesh assumes,
To set us free.

Salvation now abounds
Far as the dreadful curse;
The Gospel-trumpet sounds
Throughout the universe!
Sinners, rejoice
And praises sing
To God your King,
With heart and voice.

With angels we would join
To celebrate his praise,
In strains almost divine
Adore the God of grace,
For this display
Of heavenly love,
Which now we prove
On this bless'd day.

207.

ON FINE WEATHER AFTER RAIN.

Written at Tunbridge Wells, 1827.

Lord of nature—God of power!
I bless thee for the genial shower,
And for the sunshine after rain,
That makes the fields look green again.

Gardens a richer dress assume;
Flowers emit a fresh perfume;
Nature puts on her best attire;
The birds to sweeter notes aspire.

The lark mounts up on joyous wings,
And high aloft his carols sings:
The thrush pours forth a louder note;
The little linnet swells his throat.

The cuckoo flies from tree to tree,
His note the same monotony;
And Philomel, in varied strain,
Charms the dull ear of night again.

The distant clacking of the mill,
The gurgling stream of yonder rill,
The rustling leaves of lofty trees,
Fann'd by the zephyr's balmy breeze;

With all my feelings best accord,
And pleasures more refin'd afford,
Than all the city can bestow,
Where grandeur is an empty show.

O then, that I might spend my days
In contemplation, prayer, and praise;
Employ the talent God bestows,
Each day in benefiting those

Whose humble spheres of life preclude
The means t' enjoy extensive good:
To pour instruction o'er the mind
Of old or young in ignorance blind.

O, this is luxury indeed!
With truth divine their souls to feed;
And thus unfold Jehovah's plan,
To save the ruin'd race of man.

208.

ON RETIRING TO REST.

Now as the day's declin'd,
I seek the night's repose,
May I, in peace with all mankind,
My eyes in slumber close.

And while in sleep's embrace,
Insensible I lie,
Do thou my God each vision chase
That may my peace annoy.

While I defenceless rest
Throughout the midnight hour,
O let no enemies molest,
But shield me by thy power!

Should I resign my breath
Before the day should rise,
May sudden glory follow death,
Eternal in the skies.

209.

ON WAKING IN THE MORNING.

Now as from sleep I wake,
With all my powers renew'd,
May I to prayer and praise betake
Myself before my God.

I would adore his hand
That cover'd o'er my head;
Let gratitude my heart expand,
And through my actions spread.

Throughout the day may I
His glory keep in sight;
And quick from all temptation fly,
While virtue's my delight.

What my hands find to do,
With pleasure it perform,
Not my own will, but thine pursue,
Strengthen a feeble worm.

210.

ON THE AWFUL TEMPESTS.

TREMENDOUS Power! what mortals dare
Provoke thy dreadful ire!
When through the gloom thy lightnings glare,
And set the heavens on fire.

When thy terrific thunder rolls
Above their guilty head,
And awful horror fills their souls,
And strikes their comforts dead!

How quick the flaming vengeance flies
Across our earthly ball!
Thy hand directs it through the skies,
Appoints it where to fall.

Who can resist its mighty power?
What can prevent its stroke?
It prostrate lays the lofty tower,
And rives the knotted oak.

Tremble, thou infidel profane!
Nor make thy daring boast;
Thy puny powers attempt in vain
To foil the Lord of hosts.

Yet, gracious God! thy hand unseen
Conducts each fiery dart;
And oft thy mercy steps between,
And guides it from our heart.

What grateful thanks thy care demands
From all things that have breath;
Who hold'st the tempest in thy hands,
And sav'st from instant death?

But, Oh! when at the last great day,
Thy thunderbolts are hurl'd,
Thou shalt thy fiercest wrath display,
And burn the guilty world!

Then shall the saints be safe remov'd
To heaven's serene abode;
And, with the Saviour whom they lov'd
Sit on the throne of God.

211.

THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

How quickly fly the seasons round!
Thus changeful human life is found,
See! Spring's first buds appear!
Then Summer, with its flowers and leaves,
Precedes Autumnal fruitful sheaves,
And Winter shuts the year.

Yet, sometimes blighting frosts deform
Fair nature's face—and thus the form
Of manhood is defac'd!
When dire diseases rage within,
The awful consequence of sin,
And lay its beauties waste!

Thus many a hope-inspiring spring
Excites creation round to sing,
Till blust'ring Boreas comes,
And blows with a resistless power,
Till ev'ry bud and op'ning flower
Is blasted ere it blooms.

Thus when our hopes appear matur'd,
We fondly think our bliss secur'd,
When manhood's charms arise;
A latent mischief springs a mine,
Deranging all the fine machine
Which lately blest our eyes!

If spar'd—a sure, though slow decay
Steals unperceiv'd our strength away,
Of death a true presage!
Our days are spent in fruitless toil,
We sink into our mother soil,
The house of hoary age.

May we, with every closing day,
Reflect how swift time flies away,
Our exit soon may come!
And, by a life of faith and prayer,
May we for our remove prepare
To our eternal home.

212.

ON THE OPENING OF A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

Bright seraphs, strike your lyres,
And aid our lips to sing;
Immanuel's cause the theme inspires,
And wakes each tuneful string.

We've rais'd in his dear Name
This mansion for our God;
O, may the Spirit's sacred flame
Be now diffus'd abroad!

Though mean the residence
For so divine a Guest,
Here deign thy blessings to dispense,
And here take up thy rest.

Sinners invited here
Shall see thy grace display'd;
Rescu'd from Satan's hellish snare,
The sons of God be made.

Here, saints, your burdens bring,
And cast them on the Lord;
Sustain'd by him, your souls shall sing
"How precious is his Word!"

Great God! regard our prayer,
This small beginning bless;
And may thy servants' labours here
Be crown'd with great success.

Fresh temples shall arise,
Till our glad eyes behold
Beneath the concave of the skies,
One Shepherd, and one fold.

213.

THE SAME.

Thou great eternal God!
Whose presence fills all space,
Diffuse thy grace abroad,
Descend and bless this place:

Here shew thy power,
Display thy love,
Nor hence remove
Till time's no more.

This house we now erect,
Thy name to glorify,
From danger to protect,
Still guard it with thine eye:
Unblest by thee
We've built in vain,
Nor shall obtain
Prosperity!

When'er the voice of prayer
From hence to thee ascends,
O, make our wants thy care,
On thee our help depends;
May each one find
Thy presence here,
To raise and cheer
The fainting mind.

Here may thy holy word
The wounded conscience heal,
Or, like a two-edg'd sword
Strike through the hearts of steel;
Till each submit
Thy power to own,
And all bow down
Beneath thy feet.

Here may the trees of grace
In beauteous order stand
Strike root and grow apace,
With fruit their boughs expand;
Let blooming youth,
And hoary age,
With joy engage
To spread thy truth.

Here may no bitter root
Infest the sacred soil,
Destroy the precious fruit
Of all thy *Servant's* toil;
But love divine
Pervade the whole,
And soul with soul
Together join.

214.

THE SAME.

While in thy temple, Lord, we meet,
And bow before thy mercy-seat,
Thy promis'd presence now display,
Be in our midst throughout this day.

Touch with thy Spirit every heart,
That in our worship bears a part;
That we may all unite to bless
The bounteous Giver of all grace.

Oh! prosper thou our good design,
The bliss is ours—the cause is thine!
Our faith may fail—love cease to flame,
But thy veracity's the same.

Smile on the efforts that we make,
Not for our own, but Jesu's sake;
May we indulge the pleasing thought
We have not spent our strength for nought.

Oh! may this neighbourhood around,
Attend, and hear the Gospel-sound!
Make large additions to thy fold,
Until this house no more can hold.

215.

THE SAME.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind!
On thee our hopes are built,
For every blessing, for his sake
Whose precious blood was spilt.

We rear'd this house in Jesu's name,
His interest to extend;
And since we laid the corner-stone
He's been our constant friend.

Yet, heavenly Father! we deplore
Our want of love and zeal;
That we have not succeeded more,
And better done thy will!

Mortality has thinn'd our ranks,
And some have fall'n away!
Yet we'll take courage and press on,
And not forget to pray.

Inspir'd afresh with ardent hope,
As subjects of thy laws,
We crave the aid of our kind friends
To carry on thy cause.

216.

THE SAME.

WHAT thanks to thee are due,
Thou boundless Source of joy!
To celebrate thy matchless praise,
We would our tongues employ.

How privileg'd are we
In this commodious place,
Where unmolested we can meet
Before the throne of grace.

Thy faithful saints of old
To caves and dens were driven,
And durst not, in this public way,
Worship the God of heaven.

What evils we've escap'd;
What blessings we've receiv'd!
Yet we have brought forth little fruit,
Thy Spirit we have griev'd.

While cover'd o'er with shame,
Thy mercy we implore;
And pray for grace, in Jesu's name,
That we may prosper more.

Assistance, Lord! we crave;
Success depends on thee:
Oh! may thy Spirit crown the whole,
Now send prosperity!

217.

FOR A CHARITY SERMON.

Lovely charity, descend,
And our misery remove;
Come, and be our choicest friend,
There's no need for thee above;
Men below thy objects are;
Charity! appear, appear!

Deign to shew thy lovely face,
All serene and heavenly fair,
Sweetest cherubim of grace!
Make thy constant dwelling here;
Here take up thy lov'd abode,
Meek-ey'd delegate of God.

Look with thy love-beaming eyes
On the children of distress;
Touch with tend'rest sympathies
Every passion of the breast;
Let thy soft compassion flow
On the wretched sons of woe.

In thy brightest dress array'd
From the wardrobe of the skies;
Come, benign, celestial maid,
Listen to the orphan's cries;
Stop the weeping widow's moan,
Hear the dying pris'ners' groan.

See! the pining sons of want
Lift their anxious eyes to thee;
Now to them thy favours grant,
Fly to their necessity;
While thy benefits they prove,
They will bless the Source of love.

218.

ORDINATION OF DEACONS.

What sight on earth so fair
As Christ's own Church appears,
Where peace and love prevail
Among its worshippers?
Where every one in order stands,
Glad to obey his Lord's commands.

'Tis like a well-tun'd harp
Of sweetest harmony,
Play'd by a skilful hand
To notes of ecstasy;
The heavenly joy thrills through each vein,
And angels stoop to hear the strain.

Its ministers' array
Are robes of righteousness;
The tidings which they bring
Are messages of grace,
To hostile foes, through Jesu's blood,
To reconcile them unto God.

Its officers are clad
With meek humility,
Whose province is to care
For Christ's poor family:
May those this day we set apart,
The task fulfil with cheerful heart.

O! may the Spirit shed
His unction from above,
On those we now ordain,
And thus our choice approve;
We all will join with one accord,
To serve each other in the Lord.

219.

BELIEVER'S BAPTISM.

Descend, celestial Dove!
While we assemble thus
To manifest our love
To him who died for us!
Dear Lord! now claim us for thy own,
And in each heart set up thy throne.

The glory thou didst leave
In shining worlds on high,
To plunge in Jordan's wave,
And teach us how to die!
To die to sin, and live to God,
Jesus, himself, has shown the road.

What, though we may be blam'd,
Our practice deem'd absurd;
But, shall we be asham'd
To imitate our LORD?
Believing he will bless us still,
We thus his own command fulfil.

O! may our future days
Declare to all around,
We love the Saviour's ways,
In them we would be found:
While to the world we still confess,
Jesus, the Lord! our *Righteousness*.

We here confirm our vows,
Not to go back again!
As children in thy House
We always would remain;
Till call'd to see our Father's face,
We shall for ever sing his praise.

220.

BELIEVERS' DUTY DELIGHTFUL.

PLEAS'D we thy call obey,
Jesus, our Lord divine,
And follow in the way,
Where thou hast drawn the line;

Nor irksome deem
To bear the cross,
Nor grieve the loss
Of earth's esteem.

The path the Saviour trod,
His children also tread,
Because it leads to God,
Then wherefore be afraid?
While he is near
To bear us through,
What men can do
We need not fear.

By love constrain'd we go
Where'er he gives command,
To meet each rising foe,
By water or by land;
We'll sing his praise,
Though waves o'erwhelm,
While at the helm
Our Pilot stays.

Soon will our voyage cease,
Our trials soon be o'er,
And we shall land in peace,
On Canaan's happy shore;
On joyful wings
Our souls shall fly
To meet on high
The King of kings.

There in the courts above,
With angels we shall join
To celebrate his love
In worship more divine.
The Lamb adore
In lofty strains,
On heavenly plains,
For evermore.

221.

BELIEVERS THE CHARGE OF HOLY ANGELS.

Matt. iv. 6.

O, THOU Almighty Power,
Who dost the earth sustain!
Angels thy awful Name adore
On th'heavenly plain:
They see the smiling face
Beam with majestic light;
Bathe in the crystal fount of bliss
With pure delight.

They wait thy dread command,
And swift as thought they fly,
To bear thy orders to each land
Beneath the sky:
Whether in wrath severe,
To execute thy will,
Thou mak'st the guilty nations fear
Thy judgments still.

Or, when thy suff'ring saints
To thee direct their prayer,
To ease their grief, supply their wants,
They soon repair:
They watch us while we sleep—
Defend us when awake—
From dang'rous paths our footsteps keep,
For Jesu's sake.

Or when we yield our breath,
They tend our dying bed,
And strip the grisly monster, Death,
Of all his dread!

Our spirits set at large,
Are fain to soar away,
Joyful they bear their sacred charge
To realms of day.

There in supernal bliss,
To sin and grief unknown,
We see the Saviour as he is,
Upon his throne!
He seats us by his side,
His boundless grace to prove,
Where we for ever shall abide,
And sing his love.

222.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON, MR. J. HOLLY.

1 Sam. iii. 18.

Ye servants of God, his wisdom confess;
Submit to his rod in all your distress;
And say, though the flower is nipt in the bud,
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

Though some are cut down in the prime of their days,—
Yet if they have known the power of thy grace,
Their kindred may say, (though by nature withstood,)
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

Commit all your ways and woes to his hands;
He governs the seas, the tempest commands;

With patience proclaim, in affliction's rough road,
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

Though sickness and pain should cause you to droop,
By faith still sustain and cherish your hope;
Even then you shall say, beneath the vast load,
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

Though darkness should hide the light of his face,
In him still confide, and trust in his grace,
Even then you may say, when his dealings are view'd,
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

Though sin, earth, and hell, your peace should molest,
His faithfulness tell—he knows what is best;
In every temptation still publish aloud,
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

Should friends become foes, and mortals deceive,
He'll ne'er forsake those who in him believe;
You then may declare, while their malice is shew'd,
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

Of riches bereft, should want be your lot,
In poverty left, you dwell in a cot;
There humbly reply, to your cravings for food,
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

When death and disease your body invade,
To grant you release from this sinful shade;

With glory in view, you shall cry in the flood,
"'Tis the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth him good."

Then when you arise, and take your bright seat
Above in the skies, at his blessed feet,
For ever you'll sing, while with rapture o'erflow'd,
"Praise the *Lord!* he has done what seemed him good."

224.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. S. DRIVER.

"*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*"
Heb. xiii. 5.

Precious promise! what a cordial
To my heart, when sorrows grieve;
Still to hear my God declaring,
"I will ne'er forsake, nor leave;"
He has said it,
Who I know can ne'er deceive.

Though my earthly joys are failing,
And grim Death of friends bereave;
Let me still but hear thee saying,
"I will ne'er forsake, nor leave:"
O! what comfort
Will these heavenly accents give!

Those sweet words will ease my anguish,
And from doubts my mind relieve;
Oh! what soul-transporting language,
"I will ne'er forsake, nor leave:"
It is written,
"I'm thy God—in me believe."

Dry your tears then, weeping widows,
Nor let grief your bosoms heave;
He will be a constant husband,
"He will ne'er forsake, nor leave:"
O! believe him,
And his grace you shall receive.

Satan, hence! no longer tempt me,
Thee no more will I believe;
I've a Friend that lives for ever,
"Who will ne'er forsake, nor leave:"
Dear Redeemer!
Let me to thy promise cleave.

This, through life, shall be my portion,
And from death at last retrieve;
My Almighty Friend has spoken,
"I will ne'er forsake, nor leave,
"But, for ever,
"Thou with me above shalt live."

225.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SHENSTON,

Long a worthy member of the G. B. church, Commercial Road.

Another saint, with rapid flight,
From earth has soar'd away,
To mingle with the sons of light
In realms of endless day.

Sudden—but not for her too soon,
The joyful summons came;
Death was to her a welcome boon,
To quench the vital flame;

But not the spark of grace divine,
Which long within had glow'd;
Though earth and hell their powers combine,
'Twas hid with Christ in God.

Yet with a modest light it shone,
And mark'd her pious path;
That all her friends were prompt to own,
Her's was a life of faith.

In mild humility array'd—
Hope join'd with holy fear—
Her mind compos'd—her passions sway'd—
And love brought up the rear.

Ripe, like a fruitful shock of corn
A bounteous harvest yields,
By angel-bands above she's borne
To grace the heavenly fields.

She's gone to meet her partner there,
On the celestial shore,
Where kindred souls, who sojourn'd here,
Shall meet to part no more.

226.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SPOONER.

Daughter of sorrow! while below,
Affliction was thy lot;
Thy cup of joy was dash'd with woe,
Yet faith forsook thee not.

Firm was thy confidence above,
Though try'd by painful smart!
The thought of Jesu's boundless love
Buoy'd up thy sinking heart.

Cheer'd by his promises divine,
She meekly kiss'd the rod;
And now where saints in glory shine,
She sees her gracious God.

Long in the temple of the Lord
An ornament she stood;
Now she partakes the rich reward
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

Though painful was her closing scene,
(With groans her bosom heav'd!)
She now enjoys a life serene,
By mortals unconceiv'd!

Oh, may her family and friends
Her bright example trace!
And tread like her the path which ends
In everlasting bliss!

227.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. NEWTON,

Who was long a pious and useful member of the G. B. church, Commercial Road.

And is the happy saint releas'd
From sin and sorrow here,
And now enjoys a peaceful rest
In heaven's resplendent sphere?

Long had she bless'd the church below
With her example bright!
Yet not with ostentatious show
Did she display her light.

But with a carriage meek and mild,
Her christian course she kept;
At others' woes she never smil'd,
But wept with those that wept.

Her hand was open to relieve
Th' afflicted and distress'd;
And still for sinners she would grieve,
And long'd to make them bless'd.

Yet of herself she entertain'd
The meanest—humblest view!
And still confest—by love constrain'd,
The Lord was kind and true.

Though faint and feeble was her hope,
Her faith, though small, sincere;
Yet would her love take wider scope,
Though often check'd by fear.

The conflict in the flesh is o'er!
Her anxious spirit's free;
Safe landed on the blissful shore
Of vast eternity!

There, with delight that's only known
To happy saints above,
She sees the Saviour on his throne
Of majesty and love:

Who, with a kind endearing smile,
Invites her to his seat;
And angels, waiting all the while,
Her safe arrival greet.

There, may her kindred and her friends,
(That mourn her absence here,)
Share the same bliss which never ends,
And crowns of glory wear.

228.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. M. A. NEWLING,

THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER,

Who died in Child-bed, March 17, 1827.—*Aged* 27.

SAFELY landed, happy Spirit,
On fair Canaan's shore above;
O may we thy bliss inherit,
When from hence our souls remove!

Late a pilgrim, faint and weary,
Trav'ling through a thorny road;
Troubles made thy journey dreary,
But thy faith sustain'd the load.

Young in years, yet much affliction
Fill'd thy span of human woe:
Anxious cares and pure affection
Stole thy strength and brought thee low.

Still amid her pains and languor
Not a murm'ring word she spoke,
All she fear'd was lest God's anger
Her impatience should provoke.

To His care she late had given
Husband, friends, and children too;
If from all she should be riven,
'Twas His righteous will she knew.

And to that she still submitted
With a firm unshaken mind;
Knowing all things he permitted,
Were for future good design'd.

Oh, what dark mysterious mazes
Our bewilder'd thoughts confound!
When we search, and yet no traces
Of His footsteps can be found.

Soon the hour of nature's sorrow
Came, with its distressing fears;
Yet fond hope was fain to borrow
Joy, to mitigate our tears.

It arriv'd: and long it lasted,
But no real good was gain'd;
Fruit was sav'd—the tree was blasted,
Still a *little* hope remain'd.

Six long days and nights succeeded
Fraught with agony extreme;
Death, with rapid steps proceeded,
Proving life is but a dream.

Ere the vital spark expired,
Self-collected, calm, serene;
All her ardent soul desired
Was to be preserv'd from sin.

Then with earnest exhortation
Her surrounding friends address'd,
That they each might seek salvation,
And with her be ever bless'd.

229.

TO MR. & MRS. WRIGHT,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR FIRST-BORN INFANT DAUGHTER.

Fond parents may indulge a tear,
When death's relentless hand
Transplants a flower they held most dear
Into another land.

For human, like creation's growth,
Are frail, and pass away;
Some wither, ere they blossom forth,
Some die by slow decay.

The beauteous bud, that blighted lies
Within the earth's dark womb,
At the last day again shall rise
In undecaying bloom.

Jesus these gems to glory brought,
They sparkle in his crown,
As precious jewels which he bought,
When he to earth came down.

Snatch'd from a world of grief and sin,
Temptations, trials, snares,
She shines above, with rays serene,
A star, among the stars.

Though now your first-born is no more,
Your joy and solace here,
She's gone to bliss, awhile before,
Prepare to meet her there.

Then let your griefs be hush'd to sleep,
The rising sigh represt;
But kiss the rod, and silence keep—
What God has done is best.

230.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. E. SPIERS.

Rev. xiv. 13.

Death has again his power display'd,
And given us cause to mourn;
A friend is number'd with the dead,
And will no more return.

She suffer'd long—and long endur'd,
With patient will resign'd;
While faith her happy soul assur'd
That God was wise and kind.

Each pain was soften'd and allay'd,
While she her exit view'd;
She met her end quite undismay'd,
Sustain'd by Jesu's blood.

Long had she known and lov'd his ways,
And prov'd her love sincere;
While acts of mercy mark'd her days,
The poor will miss her here.

The graces of the Spirit shone
Throughout her useful life,
That all must be constrain'd to own,
'Twas peaceful, without strife.

Then wherefore weep at her decease?
She's freed from ev'ry pain;
And now enjoys a sweet release
From sorrow and from sin.

Her works of piety and zeal
The Saviour will approve;
Though them she labour'd to conceal,
They'll follow her above.

Thrice happy saint! thy warfare's o'er!
And now in perfect bliss,
Thou dost the height and depth explore
Of Jesu's boundless grace.

231.

ON THE DEATH OF W. EAGLAND, JUN.

How happy! thrice happy the saint,
Remov'd from temptation and sin!
No longer the child of complaint—
No longer the subject of pain.

The race was but short that he ran,
Before he obtained the prize;
Not long he his journey began,
Before he took flight for the skies.

The Saviour he lov'd while below,
Whose praise he delighted to sing,
Now glory will on him bestow,
And make him a priest and a king.

In sweetest communion he'll join
The saints in the mansions of bliss;
Then why at his exit repine?
He sees his dear Lord as he is.

Yet, how can they stop the fond tear,
Whose hopes are cut off with a stroke,
When bands of affection so dear,
Asunder for ever are broke?

Ye mourners, O! cherish the thought,
His sorrows and troubles are o'er;
To his happy state you'll be brought,
Where you shall part from him no more.

"Then gird up the loins of your mind,
Be patient, and hope to the end,"
Your offspring again you will find,
And with him eternity spend.

Ye *young!* his companions below,
He now from the grave speaks to you—
"My bliss to *Religion* I owe—
I *now* find it all to be true."

232.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAYER.

WHERE only two or three are met
To wait upon the Lord,
His promise he will ne'er forget
But will fulfil his word.

He'll come, with blessings in his hand,
For those that feel their want;
However large be their demand,
His grace he'll freely grant.

Then let us now approach his throne,
With all our grief and care;
His ear is open to each groan,
He'll answer ev'ry prayer.

Oppress'd beneath our heavy load,
We feel unfit to pray!
We hardly dare draw near to God,
We know not what to say!

By the sweet thought that *he* is here,
Who bore our guilt and shame,
We feel encourag'd to draw near
Through his adored name.

The merit of his death we plead
For our acceptance there;
Assur'd for us he'll intercede
With efficacious prayer.

233.

THE PLEASURE OF OBEDIENCE.

THE voice of my Lord I gladly obey,
His grace now record, and walk in his way;
Tho' worldlings may jeer me and call me absurd,
His promises cheer me, fulfilling his word.

My heart he has won by mercy divine,
With pleasure I own that Jesus is mine;
How great is the sweetness I find in his ways,
Because I've the witness I'm now sav'd by grace.

His burden is light, while near him I press,
No dangers affright, no sorrows depress,
My foes are confounded and cover'd with shame,
While I am surrounded by friends of the Lamb.

With them I unite—invited as guest,
And now with delight sit down at the feast;
Partake of the plenty which covers the board,
Supplied with each dainty his house can afford.

My zeal is increas'd—my love is on fire;
From thraldom releas'd, I upward aspire;
And, wing'd with devotion, I soon shall arise
To gain my promotion above in the skies.

234.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S REQUEST.

WHEN grim Death my life's assailing,
Remember me!
When my flesh and heart are failing,
Remember me!

When the silver chord is breaking,
And my beating breast is aching,
When my last farewell I'm taking,
Remember me!

When the Tempter shall annoy me,
Remember me!
Dear Redeemer then be nigh me,
Remember me!

When the last convulsions seize me,
Let not then dire terrors teaze me!
Then, dear Jesus! then release me,
And set me free.

235.

COMFORT IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

How feeble grows my mortal form?
I feel myself decay!
While fainter burns the vital flame,
And time flies fast away.

The languid pulse, the tott'ring feet
Proclaim the awful hour,
When I the stroke of death must meet,
And own his potent power.

Then what remains for me to do?
What is the task assign'd,
When dread eternity's in view,
And unprepar'd the mind?

If backward on my life I look,
My soul is fill'd with fear?
If I examine Conscience' book
What num'rous sins appear!

Crimes of my youth and riper age
Start up in black array;
Who can my mental pangs assuage,
And wipe the score away?

Not all my sighs, nor all my tears
Can wash away my guilt;
Till the *atoning-blood* appears
Which was for sinners spilt.

This is the only balsam found
For man's diseased soul!
'Tis this alone can heal the wound—
My broken heart make whole.

Jesus! this remedy apply,
Before my exit come;
O! let me see salvation nigh,
And triumph o'er the tomb.

236.

CONTRITION FOR SIN PRECEDES PARDON.

Is there a heart that never felt,
For crimes, contrition keen?
Whose soul was never made to melt
At sight of its own sin?

I envy not that human form,
Though he may wear a crown;
I'd sooner be a senseless worm
Than feel my Maker's frown!

Peace in that bosom cannot dwell
Whose guilt is unforgiven!
This constitutes on earth a hell!
While purity makes heaven.

238.

THE RICH FOOL.

Luke xii. 17—20.

How mad that mortal is
Who lays up wealth on earth!
And cheats his soul of heavenly bliss,
For vain and transient mirth!

Who says unto his soul,
"Eat, drink, and take thy ease;
"Plenty thou hast at thy control,
"For many future days:

"Thy present barns destroy,
"Build greater in their room;
"To-day thy earthly good enjoy,
"Much time there is to come."

What says the voice inspir'd?
"Thou fool! attend to me;
"This night, thy soul shall be requir'd,
"Then whose will those things be?"

Some thoughtless heir will waste
Thy ill-acquir'd wealth;
And will consume with wanton haste,
What cost thee toil and health.

Since time so quickly flies,
And we may soon remove,
May we each day be truly wise,
Our moments to improve!

Be it our constant care
To raise our thoughts on high,
And for the last great day prepare,
Ere we are call'd to die.

For where our treasure is,
Our hearts will also be;
Then let us make immortal bliss
Our true felicity.

239.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

2 Chron. i. 7—22.

If earth, with all that it can hold,
Of di'monds, pearls, or richest gold,
To me was offer'd—with disdain
I would refuse a gift so vain.

Can these with food the soul supply,
Which God alone can satisfy?
These all will meet the gen'ral doom,
When his fierce wrath shall worlds consume!

While the immortal mind will climb
Above the bound'ries of time;
And will its nobler powers employ
To find the centre of its joy.

While all things else I would refuse,
With Solomon I still would chuse
Wisdom, beyond all earthly price—
The wealth alone of Paradise.

O! grant me this, thou God of truth,
To guard, instruct, and guide my youth:
Possess'd of this, 'twill bliss secure,
And length of days and peace ensure.

Thus fit for life—prepar'd for death,
In praise I would employ my breath,
Until my happy soul remove
To the embraces of thy love.

240.

THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

PRESUMPTION CHECKED AND HUMILITY REWARDED.

Luke xviii. 10.

The first his suit began,
In fine and pompous style,
"Thank God, not like this Publican,
"Nor others, am I vile.

"I fast, and alms bestow,
"Of all I am possess'd;
"Just unto all, I nothing owe,
"No guilt is in my breast."

With trembling steps, and slow,
The Publican appear'd!
At distance stood, (he durst not bow,)
Jehovah's wrath he fear'd.

But smote upon his breast,
Where all the evil dwelt;
His conscience would not let him rest,
Beneath his load of guilt.

His prayer was short, yet show'd
His soul was fill'd with shame;
"Be merciful to me, O God,
"For I a sinner am!"

This prayer attention gain'd,
And drew a blessing down;
The Publican a smile obtain'd;
The Pharisee a frown.

241.

LIFE AND DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED CONTRASTED.

Afflicted and tormented here,
How much the christian has to bear?
Which oft extorts the sigh,
And makes him think his present lot
By God and man is quite forgot,
Forsaken and pass'd by.
While keen remorse, and inward smart,
For seasons idly spent,
Now prey like vultures on his heart,
And cause him to relent:
His losses and crosses
Still interrupt his case;
His fears all, and tears all,
Imbitter all his days.

How diff'rent is the worldling's case?
Whose conscience, ever lull'd to peace,
Feels nought of inward stings;
The joys of sense and sinful snares
Relieve his mind from solemn cares,
Attach'd to sacred things;
The thoughts of death can find no room—
His heart elate with glee,
Still dreams of num'rous years to come,
Of full felicity.
With pleasure, 'bove measure,
His fears are all at rest;
The joys all, and toys all,
By worldly minds possess'd.

But all his joys are empty breath,
Which leave him at the hour of death,
To meet his awful doom!
His soul of peace is now disarm'd!
His dreadful fears start up alarm'd,
To look into the tomb!
And now a dark futurity
Presents itself to view;
O! how increas'd his misery,
To stand a strict review!
Amassing—harrassing,
His sorrows then will be;
What woe there—he'll know there,
To all eternity!

Then here the mighty contrast lies!
The christian's treasure's in the skies,
Beyond the storms of time;
By faith and hope he sojourns here,
And views his habitation there,
Where bliss is in its prime!
Death, he now welcomes as his friend,
That terminates his woe!
And now brought to his journey's end,
He has no more to do;
Relying, while dying,
On Jesu's righteousness;
His pains here, are gains there,
That never will decrease.

FINIS.

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